THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. II. SEPTEMBER 1, 1816. No. IX.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

Celinda *shall have a place in our next Number.*

We shall feel great pleasure in promoting the plan of Benevolus, *as far as lies in our power.*

The narrative of Observator's *intended Tour would no doubt prove highly acceptable.*

A. M.'s *communication is more suitable for a* Repository of Scandal *than the* Repository of Arts.

We are not a little proud of Constantia's *good opinion, but the publication of her letter would be no evidence of our modesty.*

ERRATUM.

We have to apologize for an error which escaped us in the *Receipt for Making Gooseberry Wine* in our last number. Instead of adding "two or three bottles of brandy to every gallon of the wine" (as directed p. 73. col. 1. lines 17, 18, 19), that quantity of spirit should be added to every *twenty gallons* of the wine.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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Vol. II. September 1, 1816. No. IX.

MAHARAJA

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 13.—GARDEN-SEATS.

When the style that prevailed in gardening seemed to depend on geometric skill, and the walks, the shrubs, and the parterres were disposed with all the formal accuracy of the line and compass, it was considered that stone terraces, balustrades, façades, and temples, were very suitable embellishments to such scenery; they were profusely employed to decorate every garden that professed to claim the least pretension to tasteful cultivation, and they certainly formed the chief attraction in them. Much of this fashion being abandoned for one in which the mason only was less employed, and where the gardener yet pursued his linear and symmetrical notions of grace and elegance, vases and groups of figures, in fantastical shapes, were occasionally introduced for "eye-traps," as they were called, and continued to promote the encouragement of our lead-mines, if not of true taste, until the simple, yet varied, beauties of scenic and rural nature obtained their well-merited imitation. The business of the landscape-gardener was then to disencumber his ground of such objects, and to give strong effect to particular points of view composed of distant scenery, which led to the present greatly improved and highly esteemed practice of landscape-gardening: which, however beautiful, is yet perhaps a little "unfurnished," if the term may so be used; and partakes, therefore, too much of the bare and bald effect that has long been complained of as prevailing in all the constituent parts of our residences. Rustic seats, bowers, root-houses and heath-houses, and such small buildings, now, though certainly very sparingly, decorate our gardens, when propriety would admit something in substitution for them, more corresponding with the character of the place and of the scene, and more analogous to classic art. Entertaining this opinion, but falling in with the general practice, the annexed engraving of garden-seats is presented to our readers, as

claiming a share of novelty, that perhaps may be allowed to them, both on account of the designs themselves, and the peculiarity of their construction. The form of the upper design is in imitation of those buildings in India that were frequently erected for monumental or devotional purposes, and very nearly resemble an umbrella: the stem and beams of it are intended to be made of light work in iron, and the roof filled in with copper sheeting. The stem being fastened firmly into the ground, the wind would have very little effect upon it, particularly as it would possess a certain degree of flexibility; and with very little trouble the whole might be removed from one spot to another, and there fixed as in the first instance. The design beneath this is of the marquee character, and the covering is supposed to be of such cloth as is generally used for them, the devices being either woven in the cloth itself, or painted upon it. This is supported upon an iron framing, and from which it is farther extended by cords. By preparing sockets in several parts of the grounds, so fitted to the stem or the upright as to receive it, the whole might be removed and fixed in a few minutes; and in winter it could be put away, as the ribs of the top might be prepared to fold into a small compass, and the covering packed up as is usual with officers' tents.

THE DRY ROT IN TIMBER.

An opportunity offers for presenting our readers with some important observations on the disease in buildings termed the Dry Rot, particularly as relates to its *causes*, *prevention*, and *cure*. As they are the result of long study, and it appears of very extensive application in the business of exterminating this great evil, it is presumed they will be acceptable as "Hints;" and although not strictly corresponding with the original intention of this paper, yet, as they will not materially interfere with it, and promise to be useful towards the well-being of much that may be executed from its suggestions, it is purposed that they shall form part of the *Architectural Hints* in the next number of the *Repository*.

ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

No. VIII.

ST. MARY LE BONE NEW CHURCH.

It happens, fortunately for the pious reputation of the west end of London, that the select vestry of the parish of St. Mary le Bone have at length ventured to erect a steeple: for from Islington, through the extensive and populous parish of St. Pancras, and the more populous and wealthy one in question, there was lately no such evidence of the devotion of their inhabitants to the Christian faith on the eastern side of the Edgware-road. Until the present new church was erected, both parishes were without this index of their best hope, which, pointing upwards, seems to offer an assurance of its being directed to that place to which life is but a transitory journey. A spec-

tator, used to contemplate the capitals of Christian countries, observing the total absence of such manifestation of our religion in this part of London, might well be impressed with the dread, that its inhabitants were abandoned to the state of conscious unworthiness, that abyss of despair in which our immortal bard has pictured the soul of the wretched Beaufort, who, being conjured to raise his hand in testimony of his expectation of future bliss, is said to have died, and made no sign.

The devotional feelings of the inhabitants of a parish are symbolized by its church, which, on every account, should correspond with the important purpose to which it is dedicated: it is a building as necessary to the poor as to the rich, and every one who respects the advantages which result from piety and order, and weighs well the influence of example and public testimonies of respect for religion upon the manners of society, will ever be ready to afford his proportional contribution to erect a parish church of proper magnitude and dignity; for the contemplation of it justly reminds us of the duties we owe to God, to our fellow-creatures, and to ourselves. There the poor and the afflicted find a refuge, and comfort and consolation, which give them strength to bear, or vigour to overcome, their sufferings; it is there that the vain, the proud, and ambitious are awakened from their feverish delusions, and become assured, that in the presence of him before whom they stand, the distinctions of rank are only marked by the increasing danger that waits on temporal greatness. In the service of the church all stations are equalized; the same font is the threshold of divine favour to the infant of the meanest as of the highest birth; at the same altar the pledges of mutual affection are exchanged by the poor and by the rich; and here, without distinction, they kneel and offer up to Heaven, in equal communion, that purity of heart which is its only acceptable tribute; and when the grave is prepared to receive its alike regarded tenants, the same service consigns them to the dust. At no time, then, should a parish be without a church of proper magnitude, and least of all in times when extraordinary prosperity has increased it from a village to the population of a great city. On this account the want of a decent parish church was long the cause of deserved censure to the vestry of St. Mary le Bone; and a long struggle of opposite views had nearly proved fatal to it in this instance, for the present building was originally intended for a chapel, and so proceeded with even to the erection of a turret, when it was resolved to translate it to a dignity of higher rank: the turret was consequently taken down, and the steeple erected in its stead. This material alteration of the first plan of necessity involved the architect in considerable perplexity and great difficulties, which must be received in extenuation of several deficiencies of proportion that occur in some parts of the building. As an account of the churches of this parish may be desirable, it is here inserted.

"About the year 1400, the village of Mary Bone, as it was then called, going to decay, and its church of

St. John the Evangelist being alone by the side of the highway, it was robbed of its books, vestments, bells, images, and other decorations; on which the parishioners petitioned the Bishop of London for leave to take down the old and erect a new church, where they had some time before built a chapel; and that structure being dedicated to the Virgin Mary, received the additional epithet of *Borne*, from its vicinity to the neighbouring brook or bourne." A writer of 1761 remarks: "This village, if it may be still called by that name, is almost joined by new buildings to the metropolis; and the new buildings this way are now increasing so very fast, that it will undoubtedly in a very short time be quite joined, and become a part of it. The old church, which was a mean edifice, was pulled down, and a new one erected in 1741." This structure, in its turn, being found to be too small and *mean*, also is purposed to be pulled down when the new church is completed, of which a description will be given, and its architecture examined, in the succeeding number of this Review.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

Sir,—Having recently read your strictures upon certain public buildings now erecting in this metropolis, I beg to offer a few remarks on your plan, which, as far as I can discover, will be useful to persons, like myself, who wish to be put in a way to appreciate the merits and demerits of great architectural works; an object that can only be accomplished by an analysis like this, issuing from the pen of an intelligent professor of architecture. The liberality, candour, and good sense manifested in these strictures, must influence the public mind, and ultimately assist in correcting the national ignorance, and national failing, of which I am about to complain.

The delight which my mind derived from the contemplation of ornamental building when I was a boy, without any one to teach me this feeling, and without the pleasure of an associate to participate therein, has flattered me into the opinion, that I am naturally a lover of the beauties of architecture. Doubtless there are many who, unacquainted with the principles of that art, derive great pleasure from the same source: indeed the feeling mind has ever been impressed with the imposing grandeur and sublimity of architecture.

In other arts a man may be allowed to judge, in some degree at least, of their merit upon certain principles; for they are either greatly governed by feeling, as in music, or have their prototypes in nature, as in poetry, painting, and sculpture: yet amateurs of these arts bow to the opinion of the professors, and usually speak of their respective performances with diffidence, ever ready to acknowledge and praise the merit of their works. But not so with architecture, which owns no prototype in nature, being purely an affair of invention, resulting from the study of abstract beauty, a due consideration of fitness and convenience, and grounded upon a profound knowledge of science. Of such an art, it oddly happens (in England at least), that men, without the least considera-

tion of its abstruse ground-work, think themselves competent to criticise the most extensive building, and to censure all its parts, with the authority of a scientific judge—with a prejudice too of the most unpatriotic malice, or indiscriminately condemning every public work.

On all other occasions an Englishman evinces a national pride, in his endeavour to enumerate a greater number of illustrious men of intellect in all professions, than other countries can boast: but with the architects all is wrong; every work they accomplish, every scheme they project, is the subject of general censure and abuse: no sooner is the ground cleared for a building, than a thousand voices are raised against the site; and scarcely are the foundations laid, when a crowd may be daily seen appealing to each other on the ignorance of the design; as the superstructure is raised, the clamour increases—inch by inch, and foot by foot—by those whose sagacity in building holds no comparison with that of the beaver or the bee.

How this disposition to condemn the projectors and designers of public buildings has arisen, I am at a loss to discover; for nothing is more common, than for an Englishman to quarrel with a Frenchman upon the superiority of London to Paris in architectural points of view; nay, this national feeling is carried so far, that I have heard those contend for the buildings of London who have *never* been at Paris: yet, among each other we are constantly reprobating what has been done, what is doing, and even that which is projecting.

We find it the fashion for our contemporaries to praise our Gothic buildings even with enthusiasm: this, however, can be done without compliment to the living; yet that the beauties of Gothic architecture are neither felt, nor appreciated, may be inferred from the spirit that has been manifested for ages, and still exists, for the destruction of its venerable remains, and frequently by the wretched and tasteless alterations that have been made in our cathedrals and at our universities. This is the more remarkable, as the superintendence of these matters is vested in the members of that holy fraternity, to whose predecessors we are indebted for the stupendous edifices that adorn our cities, and which reflect such credit upon the genius of our forefathers.

But with regard to the modern buildings, even including the cathedral of St. Paul's, our self-taught critics in architecture are constantly pointing to faults in all its parts, which prejudice and ignorance alone can discover, and which are believed to exist, because professors of the art have hitherto been too indifferent or too idle to confute them.

Foreigners, who understand these matters better than ourselves, think more favourably of the talent of English architects. Canova, the celebrated sculptor, on his recent visit to the British metropolis, among other objects of his research, went to view St. Paul's. He was accompanied by a certain nobleman. When he arrived at the top of Ludgate Hill, and the grand façade of the metropolitan cathedral met his eye, he exclaimed, "What a grand, what a beautiful structure!" His

lordship, surprised at the remark, and bearing in mind the praises he had heard of St. Peter's, asked, "What, can you admire this after the great church at Rome?"—"Yes," said the candid Venetian; "it is far more beautiful than that church. It is the most elegant structure in the world; although I do not like the turrets." Here we are furnished with an honest opinion of St. Paul's by an enlightened foreigner, whose judicious eye saw its defects, but whose profound judgment of the sublime and beautiful led him to pay so honourable a testimony to British talent.

With the English metropolitan, the healthiness of London and Westminster is the common theme of exultation; Paris and Edinburgh as commonly the subjects of his abuse. The stenches and filth of both these cities excite his animadversion and contempt; whilst the sweetness and salubrity of his own crowded city he ascribes to the convenience of its common sewers. Yet in this genuine but unaccountable spirit of inconsistency, now that a sewer, more stupendous than the *cloacæ* of Rome, has lately been sunk, to relieve the town, increased to double its size, of its filth, the projector and builder of this mighty subterraneous channel is abused as one who has rendered an injury to the public, who, instead of being rewarded with a civic crown, as he deserves, would be devoted by his infatuated neighbours to ruin and disgrace!

Another subject of gratulation appears among this prejudiced class of science-haters, upon the failure of the grand schemes for the improvement both of the utility and grandeur of the town. The Strand or Waterloo Bridge, which will grant facilities to commerce, and augment the convenience for intercourse with both sides of the water, as well as do away in no small degree the danger incident to the crowded narrow streets of the city; this Strand Bridge, which will be the wonder of the world, England excepted, which sees no wonder in that native talent which can construct nine arches of one hundred and twenty feet span each, and which embrace by continuity one of the finest rivers in Europe—this bridge is spoken of with a shrug, and the share-holders, for encouraging it, whose public spirit merits every honour, are laughed at as half-witted speculators, tricked out of their money by useless schemes. With too many, alas! a spirited projector is stigmatized as an impostor and a cheat, and a civil engineer as a fool!

From the south-west of this mighty metropolis, proceeding from Pall-Mall to the north, nothing can be more inconvenient or worse planned than the intervening streets. The greatest thoroughfares for carriages are the narrowest, dirtiest, and sharpest-angled streets. To remedy such inconvenience, to adorn the town, and to render it more healthy, a most judicious plan has been proposed, to open an avenue from Carlton-House, to cross Piccadilly and Oxford-street; a work that, should it be finished, will form the finest street in the world. This is proposed to be done without calling upon the public to defray any part of the expense. Would foreigners believe, were they to be told, that the thinking people of England,

the people of the very town acknowledging and even murmuring at the inconvenience of the narrow streets, and complaining of the danger of carriages driving rapidly through them, set to work might and main to prevent this improvement? Yet it is true. The Prince Regent, the government, the projector, and all concerned, are abused, vilified, and even execrated for their wickedness and folly in times like these, or in any times, for even thinking of the accomplishment of such a *thing!*

PERAMBULATOR.

CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from p. 71.)

SCULPTORS; PERIOD IN WHICH THEY FLOURISHED; PRINCIPAL WORKS AND MERITS.

RENGHIERI, of Bologna, 1120. Works at Bologna and Antiochia.

BONNANO, of Pisa, 1170. Works in the cathedral, and columns of the hanging tower, at Pisa.

TOMMASO, of Pisa, 1170. Works in the cathedral, and columns of the hanging tower, of Pisa.

NICCOLÀ DA PISA, of Pisa, 1250. Works in the cathedral, the Battisterio, and Campo Santo, at Pisa. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto. He began the shrine of St. Dominic at Bologna. Several German sculptors were engaged at the same time with him upon the cathedral of Orvieto, but he far excelled them, as well as all those of his own country. His works there represent paradise and hell in alto relievo. He purified Christian sculpture of Gothic coarseness, and gave greater freedom of movement to the statues. He chiefly studied the ancient Greek basso relievos upon the sarcophagi in the Campo Santo at Pisa.

GIOVANNI DA PISA, of Pisa, 1280. The tombs of the Popes Urban IV. Martin IV. and Benedict XI. at Perugia. The high altar in the church of St. Dominic at Bologna. The pulpit in the cathedral of Pisa. A marble table, valued at 30,000 guilders, in the episcopal church of Arezzo. He continued to cultivate the improved style begun by his father Niccola da Pisa.

GIOTTO, of Vespigniano, in Tuscany, 1280. Various crucifixes. Works at Florence and Avignon.

FUCCIO, of Florence, 1280. Tomb of the Queen of Cyprus, in marble, and adorned with many figures, in the church of St. Francis, at Assisi.

MARCHIONE, of Florence, 1280. Various works in the churches and convents in and near Arezzo and Bologna.

PIETRO DI STEFANI, of Naples, 1280. Tomb of Pope Innocent IV. in the episcopal church, and many crucifixes and saints in other churches and convents at Naples. Many tombs in the same city, and particularly in some of the conventual churches.

MARGHERITONE, of Arezzo, 1280. Tomb of Pope Gregory X. in the cathedral of Arezzo. Several saints and crucifixes in the same town. He was distinguished for his improvement in the style of his predecessors, and the invention of gilding.

RAMO DI PAGANELLO, of Italy, 1290. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

GUALTERIO, of Italy, 1290. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto. Crucifixes in wood and marble.

GIACOMO, of the abbey of S. Salvatore, 1290. Crucifixes and basso relievos

in wood. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Roland, of Bruges, 1290. Crucifixes, saints, ornaments, especially foliage, in wood. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Don Pietro, of Spain, 1290. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Ugolino, of Castello, in Tuscany, 1290. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Andrea Ugolino, called Pisano, of Pisa, 1300. Many statues for the cathedral of Florence, and for the façade of the church of St. Mark at Venice. The old metal gates to the church of S. Giovanni at Florence. He was particularly distinguished for his performances in bronze, which surpassed all those of his predecessors.

Alemanno, of S. Salvatore, 1300. Many crucifixes in marble and bronze in Tuscany. Various works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Paolo, of S. Salvatore, 1300. Various works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Marsupino, of Arezzo, 1300. Many works in churches and convents at Arezzo, but especially in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Giovanni, of Arezzo, 1300. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Cione, of Florence, 1300. A silver altar, with figures in alto relievo, in the church of S. Giovanni Battista at Florence. He particularly excelled in works in gold and silver.

Vanne, of Terracina, 1300. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Giacomino, of Como, 1300. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Benedetto, of Como, 1300. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Arnolfo Lapo, of Florence, 1300. Saints, crucifixes, and basso relievos, in common stone, on the façades and gates of various churches and convents in Tuscany.

Agostino, brother of Paolo, of Siena, 1300. Many works in the cathedral of Siena. Tomb of the Bishop of Arezzo, with several historical basso relievos in the episcopal church of Arezzo. A marble table of excellent workmanship, and adorned with many figures, for the church of St. Francis at Bologna. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Paolo, brother of Agostino, of Siena, 1300. By the increased animation which these two brothers imparted to their figures, sculpture was farther improved.

Forzore di Spinello, of Arezzo, 1300. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto. He excelled in the execution of small works in gold and silver, as mitres and crowns, which he embellished with figures.

Moccio, of Siena, 1320. Tomb of Cerchi, in the church of S. Dominic at Arezzo. Many other works there and at Florence. He was the best sculptor in regard to style and execution since the time of Andrea Pisano.

Niccolo, of Florence, 1320. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Giacomo, of Florence, 1320. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto. Several crucifixes at Florence.

Gian Angelo, of Gubbio, 1320. Many saints and crucifixes at Rome, in the Ecclesiastical State, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Selmino Ceccarelli, of Assisi, 1320. Works at Assisi, Arezzo, Siena, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Petruccio di Ciola, of Amelia, 1320. Works in the cathedrals of Orvieto and Siena.

Ciccio, of Assisi, 1330. Several tombs at Assisi. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Angelo di Pietro, of Gubbio, 1330. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Jacomo Lanfrani, of Venice, 1330. Works in relievo on the tomb of Andrea Carduino, in the church of St. Dominic at Bologna. Portal and gate, with work in relievo, to the church of St. Francis at Imola.

Jacobello, of Venice, 1330. Tomb, with figures, complete, and in alto relievo, in marble, for Giovanni da Lugano, in the church of St. Dominic at Bologna, executed by him and Pietro Paolo. He was a distinguished artist of his age.

Pietro Paolo, of Venice, 1330.—See the preceding.

Pesarese, of Pesaro, 1330. Works in relievo, in marble, at the gate of the church of St. Dominic at Pesaro.

Ugolino Vieri, of Siena, 1340. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Pietro Cavallini, of Rome, 1340. The wonder-working crucifix in the church of S. Paolo, without the city of Rome, which is said to have spoken to St. Bridget.

Tommaso Giottino, of Florence, 1340. Many crucifixes and basso relievos, with figures of saints, in various convents in Florence.

Andrea Orgagna, of Florence, 1350. Several crucifixes at Florence, in the Campo Santo, and in the cathedral of Pisa.

Jacobo Orgagna, of Florence, 1350. The mule in the relievo over the porch of the cathedral of Florence.

Ninus Ugolino, of Pisa, 1350. Many statues of saints and crucifixes in the churches and convents of Naples, Pisa, Arezzo, Orvieto, and Florence. He assisted in the execution of the old bronze gates of S. Giovanni at Florence. He was remarkable for delicacy of treatment and softness of expression.

Tommaso Ugolino, of Pisa, 1350. Basso relievo in the convent of St. Francis at Pisa. Many crucifixes.

Giovanni Ciaccari, of Italy, 1350,
Pietro Ciaccari, of Italy, 1350,
Ambrosino di Meo, of Italy, 1350,
Cristiano di Lando, of Italy, 1350,
Angeluccio di Lando, 1350,
Cecco Maitani, of Orvieto, 1350,
Nuti Maitani, of Orvieto, 1350,
Andrea Maitani, of Orvieto, 1350
} many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Giovanni Ambrogio, of Florence, 1350. The statues of Justice and St. Barbara, in marble, in the cathedral of Florence. He was remarkable for faithful, but inelegant, imitation of nature.

Filippo Calendario, of Venice, 1350. Many works for churches and convents, and also for some public edifices at Venice.

Lorenzo Ambrogio, of Florence, 1350. The statue of the Virgin Mary, with many other statues in marble, in the cathedral of Florence.

Niccola da Siena, of Siena, 1360. Many works in the churches and convents in and near Siena, but particularly in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Luca di Giovanni, of Italy, 1360. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Meo di Andrea, of Orvieto, 1360. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Giacomo, of Ravenna, 1370. Crucifixes, saints, Madonnas, at and near Ravenna. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto.

Francesco Sellari, of Florence, 1370. Several statues, in marble, in the church of St. Reparata of Florence.

Filippo Brunelleschi, of Florence, 1390. St. Mary Magdalen, in wood, in the church of St. Spirito. An admirable crucifix, in wood, in the Capelle di Gondi, in the church of S. Maria Novella at Florence. Small works in gold, silver, and bronze. Model for the porches of S. Giovanni at Florence, in competition with Ghiberti. His style is remarkable for truth and dignity.

Cristofano Solario, of Milan, 1400. Many statues, and other works, in the Carthusian convent at Pavia. The statues of St. Roche, St. Lazarus, St. Peter, St. Helena, St. Lucia, St. Agatha, and many other saints in and about the cathedral of Milan. His style was true to nature, but rather mean.

DELLO, of Florence, 1400. Many statues in Spain, but chiefly small works in gold, silver, marble, and bronze.

BUGGIANO, of Buggiano, 1400. Infants in the sacristy of St. Reparata. Portrait of Filippo Brunelleschi in the cathedral of Florence.

PIETRO, of Freiburg, 1400. Works at Freiburg, and in the cathedral of Orvieto.

BAMBOCCIO, of Piperno, 1400. Tomb of Cardinal Carbone. Statues of Joshua and Michael.

AIGUANI, of Bologna, 1400. Tombs and small statues in the Carmelite church of St. Martino Maggiore at Florence. His style was dignified but simple, and his execution natural. He was a friar, and attained the rank of cardinal.

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA, of Florence, 1400. Tomb of Malatesta, at Rimini. Many works in churches and convents at Florence.

NICCOLO LAMBERTI, of Arezzo, 1400. Tomb of Pope Alexander V. in the church of St. Francis at Bologna. Many works at Arezzo and Florence.

FRANCESCO LOMBARDO, of Italy, 1410. Works in the cathedral of Orvieto, at Pavia, Mantua, and Verona.

DONATELLO, of Florence, 1420. A basso relievo, representing the Annunciation, in stone, in the church of S. Croce at Florence. A crucifix, in wood, in the same church. Tomb of the deposed Pope Coscia, in S. Giovanni at Florence. A Mary Magdalen in the same place. Daniel, St. John the Evangelist, St. Peter and St. Mark, St. George, St. Judith, St. David and St. Sebastian. A beautiful Mercury in bronze. Several tombs and basso relievos. Under the hands of this artist modern sculpture made considerable progress in every respect, but especially in regard to basso relievos.

TRADATE, of Milan, 1420. Statue of Pope Martin V. in marble, in the cathedral of Milan, and many other works there.

LORENZO DI BARTOLUCCIO, of Florence, 1420. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto. Model for the bronze gates of S. Giovanni Battista at Florence, in competition with Ghiberti.

FRANCESCO, of Vandabrina, 1420. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto, at Arezzo and Siena. Model for the bronze gates of S. Giovanni at Florence, in competition with Ghiberti.

SIMONE DA COLLE, of Italy, 1420. Many works in the cathedral of Orvieto. Model for the bronze gates of S. Giovanni, in competition with Ghiberti.

LORENZO GHIBERTI, of Florence, 1420. The beautiful and celebrated gates of bronze for the church of S. Giovanni Battista at Florence. Two basso relievos at Siena. Statue of St. Matthew, in bronze, at Florence. Shrine for relics in the church Degli Angeli at Florence. Sarcophagus of St. Zenobius in the cathedral of Florence. Admirable works in gold and silver. He displayed an excellence that has never yet been surpassed in the treatment of basso relievos.

FRANCESCO BUGLIONE, of Florence, 1420. Various works in Florence.

SIMON DONATELLO, of Florence, 1430. Tomb of Pope Martin V. in S. Giovanni di Laterano, and one of the bronze gates of St. Peter's, at Rome. Many monuments at Rimini, Florence, Arezzo, Prato, and Siena.

(To be continued.)

SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL LIBRARY

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

ON THE COMPOSITION OF ENAMEL; WHITE, PURPLE, RED, YELLOW, GREEN, BLUE, VIOLET, &c.

THE beautiful art of enameling consists in the application of a smooth coating, or vitrified varnish, melted upon the substance to which it is applied, so as to produce a glossy varnish, either transparent or opaque, and with or without colour, figures, or other designs, which are likewise melted on the surface by the action of heat.

The general principles on which the art of the enameler is founded, are, on the whole, very simple; but there is perhaps none, of all the chemical processes of the arts, which requires a greater practical skill than the art of enameling. The only metals that are enameled upon, are gold, platina, and copper, and with the latter the opaque enamels are only used. Transparent enamels can only be applied to the surface of such metals as do not become oxidated by open exposure to a red heat, nor which suffer a chemical change by the contact of a vitreous fluid abounding with a metallic oxide. Hence coloured enamels, upon metals, cannot be applied to silver: though this metal suffer no oxidation by mere heat, yet if, for example, a yellow enamel, made of oxide of lead or antimony, is laid on a surface of polished silver, and kept melted on it for a certain time, the silver and enamel act on each other, and the colour, instead of being a clear yellow, becomes brown. Copper is also altered by coloured enamels: so that gold and platina are the only metals upon which coloured enamels can be laid without being altered by them. The enameling on earthen ware or porcelain forms a different branch of the art.

White Enamel.

The simplest kind of enamel on metals is that fine opaque glass which is applied to the dials of watches: a good enamel of this kind, fit to be applied both to porcelain and metals, should be of a very clear, fine, white colour, so nearly opaque as only to be transparent at the edges; and at a moderate red heat it should run into that kind of paste, or imperfect fusion, which allows it to extend itself freely and uniformly, and to assume a vitreous glossy even surface, without, however, fully melting into a thin liquid. The opaque white colour of this enamel is given by oxide of tin, which possesses, even in a small portion, the capability of rendering vitreous mixtures opaque white. This enamel, either for earthen ware, or the purposes of being applied on metals, is best prepared in the following manner:—

Calcine 100 parts of lead with from 15 to 20, 30, or even 40, of tin. A mixture of these metals calcines very easily when in contact with air. As soon as it is brought to a red heat, it burns like charcoal, and is oxidated very speedily. The composition which calcines best, is that in which the lead is to the tin as 100 to 20 or 25.

In proportion as the calcination is effected, the oxidated or calcined part must be taken away, and the operation continued till the whole becomes pulverulent. As some small particles always escape oxidation, you must expose to the fire a second time the oxide obtained, in order to oxidate it completely, which may be easily known by its ceasing to sparkle. When the proportion of tin exceeds 25 or 30 parts, a stronger fire is necessary to produce oxidation. In a word, by varying the degrees of heat, the operator will easily be able to discover the temperature best suited to the mixture on which he operates.

One hundred parts of this oxide are to be mixed with an equal quantity of ground flint; from 25 to 30 parts of common salt are added; the whole is well mixed together, and fused at the bottom of a potter's kiln. When taken from the kiln it will not be white, but sometimes even very black; in general it is marbled with black, grey, and white.

Purple Enamel.

This colour is given by the purple oxide of gold, which may be prepared in different ways, such as by precipitating, by means of a solution of tin in muriatic acid, at a *minimum* of oxidation, a solution of gold in nitro-muriatic acid* diluted with water. The smallest quantity possible of the solution of tin is sufficient to form this precipitate. The solution of tin must be added gradually, until the purple colour begin to appear; you then stop; and having suffered the coloured precipitate to be deposited, it must be washed by the repeated affusions of soft water, and suffered to dry slowly in a dark place, or defended from light. The different solutions of gold, in whatever manner precipitated, provided the gold be obtained in the state of a purple oxide, always give a purple colour, which will be more beautiful in proportion to the purity of the oxide: the presence of the minutest portion of iron materially injures the colour. The gold precipitated in the form of fulminating gold, which loses the property of fulminating when mixed with fluxes, gives a tolerably good purple. Saline fluxes are better suited for this colour than those in which there are metallic oxides. Those, therefore, which have been made of silex or powdered flint, borax and chalk, or white glass, borax and a little white oxide of antimony, with a minute portion of nitre, may be employed with it. Purple enamel will bear from 4 to 24 parts of flux, and even more, according to the shade required. It is to be remarked, that this colour will not bear a strong heat.

Red Enamel.

We have no substance capable of giving directly a fine red colour. To obtain this colour, it must be compounded different ways. Take 1, 2, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ parts of green sulphate of iron, and sulphate of alumine, or alum; fuse them together in their water of crystallization, taking care that they are well mixed.

* Some valuable information concerning the general nature and preparation of this precipitate, is to be found in *A practical Essay on Chemical Re-agents, or Tests*, p. 156, published by J. Callow, Crown-court, Princess-street, Soho, 1816.

Continue to heat them to complete dryness, then increase the fire so as to bring the mixture to a red heat, and keep the mixture heated until it has every where assumed a beautiful red colour, which may be ascertained by taking out a little of it, from time to time, and suffering it to cool in the open air. The proportions of sulphate of alumine, or alum, and sulphate of iron, may be varied. The more alum be added, the paler will be the colour. Three parts of altm to 1 of sulphate of iron, gives a flesh colour. It is alum also which gives this colour the property of being permanent in the fire. This enamel does not require much flux; that which is best suited for it, is composed of alum, red lead or minium, common salt, and ground flint: in general, 3 parts of flux, with 1 of the colour; but this ought to be varied according to the shade required.

Yellow Enamel.

Though this colour may be obtained in a direct manner, compound yellows are preferred, because they are more certain in their effect, and more easily applied, than yellow obtained in a direct manner from the substance which produces it; namely, silver.

The metallic oxides which form the basis of the yellow colour, besides silver, are generally those of lead, such as red lead or minium, white lead, and white oxide of antimony. The following are the different compositions that may be used:—One part of white oxide of antimony, 1, 2, or 3 of white oxide of lead, 1 of alum, and 1 of muriate of ammonia. When these matters have been pulverized and mixed together, they may be put into a vessel over a fire, sufficient to sublime the muriate of ammonia; and when the mass has assumed a yellow colour, the operation is finished. Yellow enamels require so little flux, that 1 or 2 parts, to 1 of the colour, is in general sufficient: saline fluxes are improper for them, especially those which contain nitre. They must be used with fluxes composed of flint, oxide of lead, and borax, without any salt. The best method of employing the oxide of silver to produce a yellow, is to use it pure: lay a light coating on the place which you wish to stain yellow, and heat the vessel gently, to give it the colour; when it has been sufficiently heated, you take it from the fire, and separate the coating of oxide, which will be in a great measure reduced to a metallic state, and you will find the place which it occupied tinged yellow. This process succeeds best on glass. Sulphate of silver, ground up with water, answers better than muriate of silver, which is commonly employed.

Green Enamel

is obtained directly from oxide of copper. All the oxides of this metal may be employed. They require but little flux, which must not even be too fusible. One part or 2 of flux is sufficient for 1 of oxide. Green may also be produced from a mixture of blue and yellow. Oxide of chrome gives a fine emerald green colour.

Blue Enamel

is obtained from oxide of cobalt: it is, of all enamel colours, the most certain and easily manageable: it is also the most fixed of all colours, and becomes equally

beautiful with a weak as with a strong fire. The more pure the oxide of cobalt, the more beautiful will be the blue. The presence of iron is extremely hostile to this colour, by imparting to it a muddiness. The saline fluxes which contain nitre are those best suited for it; but the flux which, with the cobalt blue, produces the greatest brilliancy and splendour, is that composed of white glass, of glass of borax, and nitre, with a minute portion of antimonial oxide.

Violet Enamel.

This colour is produced by means of black oxide of antimony with saline fluxes. By varying the fluxes, the shade of the colour is also varied. It is very fixed so long as it retains its oxigen: this is, however, difficult to fix. No combustible substance ought to come into contact with it. A minute portion of oxide of cobalt improves the colour.

Black Enamel

is produced by a mixture of oxide of cobalt, and black oxide of manganese.

Those who paint on enamel, earthen ware, porcelain, &c. must regulate the fusibility of the colours by the most tender of those employed. For example, the purple: when the degree best suited to purple has been found, the other less fusible colours may be regulated by the addition of flux, when it is necessary to fuse all the colours at the same time, and with the same degree of heat.

The reader may conceive how much the difficulties of this nice art are increased, when the object is to paint designs that require extreme delicacy of shading, and a proper selection of colours.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL DE BIRON.

THIS nobleman, who, during many years, was a colonel in the French guards, was not more distinguished for his bravery and military knowledge, than for the virtues which adorned his private character; he was adored by his soldiers, who found in him a friend and father, and whose bitter regret for his loss was perhaps a stronger testimony of his virtues than the most laboured panegyric. It is well known, that, during the Revolution, his soldiers frequently endeavoured to excuse the excesses of which they were guilty, by declaring that they never would have abandoned the cause of royalty if their beloved commander had lived: this declaration, though no excuse for their conduct, was yet a proof of the influence which he had obtained over them.

The marshal's revenues were princely, and his style of living magnificent, without prodigality. He was remarkable for doing the honours of his nation to foreigners, to whom his table and his boxes at the theatres were always open. There is a charming anecdote related of him and Admiral Rodney, who was detained at Paris for debt when war broke out in 1778. The marshal knew little of the admiral but by reputation, but his brave

and generous soul fully appreciated what the gallant Rodney must feel in being precluded from such an opportunity of distinguishing himself; and, in the most delicate manner, he requested his acceptance of the loan of a thousand louis; observing, at the same time, "that a few youthful frolics ought not to be a means of detaining a brave sailor from his duty; and that if France were to detain during war-time so valiant an enemy within her territories, it would stigmatize her with the reproach of cowardice." How valuable is a favour thus conferred! and how strongly this trait reminds us of the noble and chivalrous Bayard!

Two years afterwards Admiral Rodney defeated the French fleet, an event which sensibly afflicted the French court, and perhaps none felt it more keenly than the marshal; but he felt also a proud consciousness that he had no reproaches to make to himself, since he had but done what the laws of honour enjoined towards a distressed and gallant enemy.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUC DE GUINES.

The Duc de Guines, who was ambassador at the courts of Berlin and London during the reign of Louis XVI. was a particular favourite of Marie Antoinette's. He was also much distinguished by the great Frederic, who admitted him to the closest intimacy; they frequently played together on the flute, an instrument on which each played remarkably well. Few men of his time surpassed the duke in wit, elegance, and address: when we have said this, it is scarcely necessary to add, that he was a general favourite of the fair sex. Some droll adventures are related of him, from which I shall select one that caused much mirth at the time it happened.

During the carnival the duke formed an acquaintance at a ball at the opera with two young ladies, who appeared much flattered by the attentions he paid them; but finding he did not unmask, they expressed a strong desire to know who he was. The duke carefully evaded a compliance with their wishes for some time, but at length they drew from him a promise, that at the last ball their curiosity should be gratified. The day arrived, and at the usual hour the duke appeared at the ball, but with an air of extreme melancholy; he conjured the ladies, in the most pathetic manner, to release him from a promise which it might cost him his life to comply with. All his entreaties had, as the reader may suppose, no other effect than to make the ladies more desirous to gratify their curiosity. When he found this was the case, he exacted a solemn promise, which they very readily made, to keep inviolable a secret, on which his honour, and perhaps his life, depended. In the autumn prior to the carnival, an assassination had been committed a few miles from Paris, attended with circumstances of peculiar atrocity; the name of the murderer, who was a man of some rank, was known, but till then he had contrived to elude the pursuit of justice. M. de Guines thought, that by assuming the name

of this monster, he should have some sport with his fair inquisitives; and accordingly he took them into one of the front boxes, where, feigning to be still reluctant to speak, they reproached him with doubting the promise of secrecy which they had just made. "No," replied he, in the most melancholy tone, "it is not that I dread to place my life in your hands, for I have no doubts of your discretion; but how can I bear to think, that in a moment the regard which I flattered myself you felt for me, will change into horror? Would to Heaven you had not drawn from me this fatal promise! but since you are determined to exact the performance of it, know, that in the being before you, you behold the wretched M——, the murderer!"

He had not time to say more, before they exclaimed, "Oh, Heavens! haste, secure this monster! he is the murderer M——!"—"Softly, softly, my dear ladies!" said the duke, unmasking; "I only wished to know how far you could be trusted to keep a secret."

MISCELLANIES.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A TRIP TO PARIS EXEMPLIFIED.

TO THE EDITOR.

Paris, July 5, 1816.

Sir,——If you have ever, during your boyish days, been a reader of Oriental tales, you may probably remember one, the moral of which is, that an ounce of experience is better than a pound of advice. I am at this moment a proof of the truth of this sensible adage, for I could not resolve to profit by the experience of some sensible friends and neighbours who had made a tour to France, and who assured me I should gain nothing by the journey but a perfect knowledge of the comforts to be enjoyed in Old England. As it has lately become, I am sorry to say in a great measure, the fashion to take a peep at the *great nation*, my wife and daughters determined to be as *tonish* as their neighbours, and opened upon me a grand battery of prayers, caresses, persuasions, and, finally, complaints of ill health: nay, they were not content with appropriating to themselves the whole train of nervous disorders, all of which, however, they were sure would be conquered directly by the mild and salubrious air of Paris, but they endeavoured to persuade me, that a slight cold, which I caught by being out late one wet night, would certainly terminate in a decline if I did not immediately try the effects of a warmer climate. Though I had always a dislike to leave England, I was at last so tired out by hearing the subject eternally discussed, that in an unlucky hour I consented to pass a few months in Paris. Adieu to nerves and passions! My fair invalids were now all bustle, gaiety, and preparation; and in less time than I thought they could have ordered what was necessary for their journey, they were ready to set out.

As my daughters had never before quitted their paternal mansion in Derbyshire, they were delighted with our journey; and my wife, whose natural kindness of heart disposes her to take pleasure in seeing others happy, was in high spirits all the way. I found the roads and accommodation very tolerable, and we reached Paris in perfect good humour. The first thing we did was to look out for apartments, and I own I was apprehensive that my wife, who is one of the neatest women in the world, would be disgusted with the want of cleanliness which our spacious and well-furnished rooms exhibited; but, on the contrary, she assured me, with a placid smile, that they were not so bad as she apprehended they would be, and she thought that we had better remove into them that very day, as her daughters must lose no time in equipping themselves *à la Parisienne*. As I wished to see them handsomely dressed, I gave my wife a sum (I am ashamed, Mr. Editor, to mention the amount,) to buy what was necessary; but had you seen the paraphernalia which arrived at our hotel on that and the next day, you would have supposed my wife and daughters were laying in a stock of clothes for the rest of their lives. I began seriously to remonstrate with Mrs. Homebred on this unnecessary extravagance, but she assured me I was mistaken *in toto*, as she had strictly obeyed my orders, for she had purchased nothing but what was absolutely necessary; in short, they were things which nobody could do without. Now, Mr. Editor, if you be married, you must be aware, that wives are apt to lay down certain incomprehensible propositions as matters of faith, to which a husband, who means to live in peace, must give his assent; and I must own that this was one of them; however, as it was the first time Mrs. Homebred had required the absolute surrender of my understanding, I swallowed the pill without many wry faces. But my placidity could not stand the test of my wife's and daughters' appearance the next day at dinner. "In the name of folly," cried I, "what costume do you call this?"—"La, papa!" cried my eldest girl, "why the costume of Paris, to be sure."—"No such thing," replied I; "your heads are *à la Chinoise*, your feet *à la Romaine*, your waists *à la Grecque*; as to your drapery, that indeed may be *à la Françoise* for any thing I know to the contrary; I can only say, in plain English, that it is shamefully indecent."—"Indecent!" cried my wife, "how can you say so, Mr. Homebred? Don't you see the girls have got handkerchiefs on, which they never wore in England?"—"I cry you mercy," said I, "so they have indeed; but a handkerchief which studiously displays all that it was originally intended to hide, says little in favour of the delicacy of the wearer. But pray, my dear," continued I, "had not you better loop the girls' dresses a little higher?"—"Higher!" repeated my wife in a tone of surprise.—"Yes," cried I, "for at present they shew only the calf of the leg, and if they were an inch or two shorter, they would display the beauty of the knee." The girls blushed and cast down their eyes, but the mother took up

the matter very angrily. "My dear," said I, "your milliner has done her part so admirably towards disfiguring you, that you need not call anger to her assistance."—"Was ever the like heard?" cried she, now worked up into a real rage; "any body but yourself would give me credit for adopting a dress so well calculated for my years."—"Why, indeed," replied I, "if females of a certain age were as much the rage here as in England, I might think that you did it on purpose to keep out of the way of temptation; but as Monsieur, with all his politeness, would pronounce you *passée*, I should be sincerely glad to see you dressed like the handsome elegant matron I brought with me from England, instead of being loaded with those trumpery flounces, and disfigured by that abominable cap."

As the former part of my speech had rather conciliated Mrs. Homebred, she replied in a softened tone, "I cannot conceive, my dear, why you should dislike my *cornette*, it is universally admired."—"That may be," cried I, "but I protest I can see but one use it could ever be intended for, and that is to decorate the head of a *poissarde* at the feast of the goddess of Reason."—This unlucky speech kindled my wife's wrath to such a degree, that, as my daughters were present, I thought it high time, in common prudence, to decamp, lest Mrs. Homebred and I should come to an open rupture.

I took an opportunity, however, to talk very seriously to the girls; and as they do not want sense, my exhortations produced a partial reformation in their dress. My wife, however, was invulnerable either to reason or ridicule, and I thought it the best way to suffer her folly to take its course quietly; and indeed I had not much time to think about it, before I was assailed by new vexations. Our letters of introduction soon gained us a numerous acquaintance, who took no small pains to divest the ladies of their native rusticity, and substitute in its place the true Parisian air: the native lilies and roses of my girls were hid under a coat of rouge and fard; and even my wife, who, though she is nearly fifty, is still a remarkably fine woman, wore a little rouge in full dress, because she hated to appear unlike other people. But our new friends were not content with Frenchifying our persons, they kindly extended their cares to our minds also. A *ci-devant* abbé, who has figured conspicuously in the Revolution, under pretence of improving my eldest daughter's pronunciation of French, has made, I am afraid, some progress in shaking her faith in revealed religion. You may suppose I forbade the rascal my house as soon as I discovered the subject of his conferences with my girl, but I fear it will be some time before plain sound reasoning will be able to undo the mischief which his sophistry has effected.

My youngest daughter, who is naturally very volatile, has, from associating with *Madame la Marquise de Bonfront*, *Madame la Comtesse Sans Pudeur*, and others of their stamp, learned to laugh at English prudery, and to consider marriage as a mere political institution. But this, though it sensibly affects me, is not, Mr. Editor,

my greatest grievance, because, as the girls are naturally well disposed, I have no doubt of being able to set their heads to rights if once I could get them out of this emporium of folly; but though the time I agreed to remain here has long been expired, our departure is still obstinately delayed by my wife, who, from a quiet, rational, unpretending woman, is metamorphosed into a politician and a *bel esprit;* and when I add, that in both characters she talks nonsense as volubly, as confidently, and with as imposing an air as if she was born a Frenchwoman, you must allow, that in seven months she has made great progress.

I am not, Mr. Editor, a prejudiced, illiberal being, who conceives that virtue and talent are not to be found out of his own country. Since my arrival here, I have met with persons of both sexes who would do honour to any nation, but such people are little seen at this moment in what is termed good society; and when we take a retrospect of events since the Revolution of 1789, we cannot be surprised, that people who are in general, to speak in their own language, *parvenus,* should not be exactly calculated for models for their neighbours. There is also a certain difference of disposition between French and English women, which nature has marked so distinctly, that an attempt to engraft the gay manner of the one upon the sober character of the other can never succeed; and when our lovely country-women have done their possible to assume the dress, air, and manner of their neighbours, they will find that their trouble has answered no other purpose than to render them less attractive in the eyes of their countrymen, at least of all men of sense; and I have too good an opinion of the taste and understanding of my fair fellow-citizens, to think they would ever wish to excite the admiration of fools or coxcombs. I am, &c.

HARRY HOMEBRED.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE, OR MATRIMONIAL DISAPPOINTMENTS OF SOLOMON SAPIENT.

Mr. EDITOR,

IN intruding upon your valuable time by a relation of my domestic grievances, I am not altogether actuated by selfish motives; though I will frankly confess, that the pleasure of complaint is one reason, yet my strongest is a desire to warn others against the folly which has destroyed the tranquillity of my future days. Without farther preface then, Mr. Editor, you must know, that I remained a bachelor till I had attained my forty-second year; because, amongst the whole circle of my female acquaintance, I could not meet with one who realized the idea I had formed of what a wife ought to be. Youth and beauty were qualities I could not dispense with in my intended, whom I also expected to possess good temper, plain sense, and above all, that perfection, rare, alas! in a woman, the art of holding her tongue whenever I did not wish to be annoyed by feminine prattle. It happened one day, that an old

coffee-house acquaintance of mine was rallying me on my remaining so long a bachelor. I told him my reasons. "Well," cried he, "if you have no other objection to matrimony than what arises from the fear of not meeting with a suitable helpmate, I think I can find you one. I have a ward, the prettiest girl in England, and I am mistaken if you do not find in her the *rara avis* you have been so long in search of. You shall dine with me to-morrow, and I will introduce you to her." I went, saw, and was conquered. Miss Harriet —— had a most intelligent as well as beautiful countenance, and there was an unaffected timidity in her manner that quite captivated me: but what after a few visits completely riveted my chains, was her uncommon taciturnity; with all my address, I could seldom extract more from her than a monosyllable. She had no fortune, but I considered her as being in herself a treasure, and I urged my suit with so much ardour, that, after a very short courtship, we were married.

I have heard much of the honey-moon, but I can safely declare, that mine was scarcely a honey-week; for before the end of that time, I perceived that my wife's principal charm had vanished: her monosyllables gave place to long and tiresome harangues on the most frivolous subjects; no matter how I was engaged, or who was present, Lady A——'s *sweet* cap, or Miss B——'s *divine* robe, were descanted upon, or described, with the most provoking minuteness. She once interrupted a friend of mine in the midst of a comparison which he was drawing between the merits of Cicero and Demosthenes, to relate to us a *bon mot* of Master Lemuel Loveprattle, a child three years old, the hopeful heir of Lord Shatterbrain; and another time she observed, before a room full of company, that I ought to be ashamed of myself for praising the virtues of the Romans, who were, she observed, a parcel of cruel wretches, that never shot even the military men whom they condemned to death, although it was the easiest and most rapid way of terminating existence. Think of my agony, Mr. Editor, to hear her expose her ignorance in this manner. I remonstrated with her when the company were gone, on the blunder she had committed in talking of people being shot so long before gunpowder was invented. I begged of her to confine herself for the future to subjects which she understood: but the only effect of this conversation was, to bring out a new trait in her disposition, sullenness. This, however, I should not have minded, had her sullenness been of the silent kind, but that was not the case: it is true, she did not talk *to* me, but she was continually talking *at* me. In order to get rid of this grievance, I took refuge in my library: but the tranquillity which I hoped to enjoy, was entirely destroyed by my perceiving that a smart young officer, who was our opposite neighbour, had commenced a regular attack upon my fortress. Perceiving, I suppose, that my wife usually amused herself, when she was at home, by lounging at the drawing-room windows, he made use of the artillery generally employed on those occasions—bows, smiles, and glances;

in short, he had got as far as kissing of hands before I observed him. You may suppose I lost no time in putting an end to this dangerous intercourse, but in order to do so, I was obliged to take my wife from London; and as my ill fortune would have it, I carried her to pay a visit to an aunt of hers, who had pressingly solicited our company. This good lady, who has buried two husbands, is now a third time a candidate for matrimony. She received us with much kindness, and I began to hope that she would be of considerable service in correcting the faults of my helpmate. How rational these expectations were, you may judge from the manner in which she had proceeded with her first husband, a man of a remarkably quiet easy temper, and of a delicate constitution. Finding that he hated noise above all things, she declared he was troubled with the vapours, and that company and amusement were absolutely necessary to prevent his going into a low nervous way. She accordingly filled his house with a set of dissipated young people of both sexes, who kept up a racket from morning till night, and from night till morning. In vain did the poor man declare, that her mistaken kindness would be the death of him; she replied, that she knew her duty too well to indulge his vapourish whims, which she was persuaded she took the right way to remove. She did remove them effectually, for he died at the end of six months.

Her next husband was composed of tougher materials, for he survived his marriage for some years; nor do I know how she managed to get rid of him. I had been, however, for some time in her house before I heard this anecdote, and when I did I lost no time in quitting it. But, alas! Mr. Editor, the mischief was already done: silly as my helpmate naturally is, it is inconceivable what progress she has made in the art of tormenting; not content with giving a mortal stab to my quiet by her incessant and ridiculous prattle, she destroys my fortune by her extravagance, and endangers my honour by her levity. It is true, there is one remedy—I might part with her, but she has just presented me with a lovely little girl, for whose sake I feel an unconquerable repugnance to the only measure that could give me peace. If, however, I can neither be easy nor happy myself, I will at least indulge a hope, that my example may deter other old bachelors from being guilty of a similar folly. In this hope, I have the honour to subscribe myself your constant reader,

SOLOMON SAPIENT.

THE FASHIONABLE MATCH-MAKER:

A TALE.

(*Continued from p.* 81.)

LADY LINDERMERE, at the time we take up our pen, had, however, lost some small share of her popularity among the single males in the atmosphere in which she moved, from her manner of *pushing* her daughters into wedlock. Many persons resolved to avoid the "priestess

of Hymen;" but who could refrain from attending parties to which *every body went?* and when once with her in a drawing-room, you delighted to be near her. Her attentions possessed a magical influence, and you were led by the *ignis fatuus* of her smiles, to commend every thing she uttered. What rout could be brilliant without her? She even *lit* up whist and quadrille; loo and cassino immediately languished at her departure. What satisfaction would some mothers have felt in possessing two such daughters as the Miss Lindermeres! Imagine to yourself the form of fashion and the mould of grace, with the manners of the old school corrected by the frankness of the new.

Enter Lady Lindermere, leaning on two foils—these are her daughters. There are different classifications of the brute animal in natural history, and if there were also similar ones with regard to intellectual animals, we should say, that the Miss Lindermeres were of the *genus* of the good sort of girls enough. But they were short and squat: they *did* waltz and play the harp; but in the *pirouette* they displayed ancles too thick for those of a Grace, and in reaching the harp-strings their arms were stretched to a painful extent. In their manners they were equally *gauche*. They could not tell ten thousand white lies in a given time; they could not affect to be extremely sorry at the death of a maiden aunt or a pug-dog, or rejoice and grieve at what did not concern them. At whist they once *revoked!* nor did they at all excel in a number of those trifles to which fashion gives *éclat*, but whose *nothingness* is, we confess, sometimes gained at the expense of better employment. If you saw them charming, you saw not half those charms their ill-set fashions concealed; they were not daughters in *accord* with Lady Lindermere, and all her injunctions, her commands, and even threats, might as well have been thrown away in converting ploughboys, or teaching the *bel air* to dairy-maids.

Fortunately, however, for the fair sex, there are different ideas of the styles and gradations of beauty; and it is fortunate for many damsels, that every body does not judge of it by the standard of Phidias or Flaxman. Dorinda Lindermere was under the common size, and no more like the statue of the Venus de Medicis, or any other Venus, than I to Hercules. She was *embonpoint* and *set*. Her face was as round as most good-natured faces usually are. Her nose was what an artist would call infamous; but her eyes were dark, large, and full. Her teeth were not bad, and her cheeks were at least equal to the colour of those which her mother bought in Piccadilly. Sir Theodore Johnson had danced with her at Lady Challoner's: her mother had asked all about and about her partner in the course of the evening, and as he was handing her to her carriage, he received an invitation for a visit at Farley-House any morning he pleased. A week elapsed, however, and no Sir Theodore. Another came, and Sir Theodore refrained from a visit: but if you expect us, gentle reader, to tell "why he comes not yet," you only expect that which will only *poze* us, without affording any

satisfaction to yourself. Sir Theodore was a mighty *lack-a-daisyish* sort of a gentleman; he sometimes thought he had better marry, and sometimes that he had better not; and once under the dominion of the former idea, he was thinking of calling that morning on Dorinda, and had ordered his horse for Grosvenor-square, when Noverre presented him with a card, on which he read, "Lady Lindermere at home on Friday, June the 10th." But how came it that Lady Lindermere, a strong stickler for etiquette, invited a young man to her party, who had not deigned to call on her after being invited? Was this probable, from a lady who was even a slave to ceremony? Hold thy tongue, gentle reader, for we shall not pretend to answer your whys and your wherefores. Read our tale as we think proper to write it, or lay it down. If that wont content you, and you must have a reason, we tell you she did so—because she did so—or things must give way to circumstances, or——

Sir Theodore Johnson had a clear income of 10,000*l.* a year, expectancies, and a seat in the House. He had often talked at random of running in the curricle of wedlock—of curbs, and reins, and liberty; he had long been the butt of mothers, aunts, and aspiring maidens. He would have cultivated the Lindermere connection, but this last hint threw him off, and he determined, or at least he thought he determined, never to see his dear Dorinda more! A short time, however, after the receipt of this card, he *popped* at Phillips's on her ladyship, who paying him so many *adroit* compliments on his taste in a bauble he had just purchased for a cool hundred, that he found it absolutely necessary to be at the party of a woman who possessed so profound a taste in affairs of elegant *virtu.*

Just before he became a dangler at Lady Lindermere's—for Sir Theodore, after this party, did become a dangler at her ladyship's—as he was one morning driving all the way from Pall-Mall to Bond-street, and from Bond-street to Pall-Mall, with his reins lying slovenly on the horses' backs, he encountered a young lady, who, in crossing the street and in endeavouring to avoid the vulgar concussion of a hackney coach, precipitated herself immediately on the pole of Sir Theodore's carriage, to which two of the finest chesnut horses in nature were affixed; and their master not being able or ready to *pull up* the aforesaid chesnuts, suffered them to throw down the lady, and had well nigh grievously vexed and damaged the unfortunate cause of his stoppage. The populace, however, did for Sir Theodore what he was unable to do himself; they stopped the beasts—rescued the girl from an impending sudden death, and conveyed her to Hookham's in something like an hysteric. Sir Theodore very properly gave the recreant horses to James, and followed the distressed damsel, whose beauty indeed had been the cause of her mishap, by diverting the eyes of our baronet from *jehuitical* caution. He accompanied her, and beheld, during a paroxysm of this hysteric, the prettiest foot and ancle ever formed by nature; and we record it as a testimony of rare philosophy in Sir

Theodore, that while some men would have been so much alarmed on this occasion as scarcely to know the age of the person they had nearly killed from carelessness, he was surveying, with all the cool dignity of an ancient Roman, the effect the accident had produced. Sir Theodore Johnson, most unfortunately for Dorinda Lindermere, was an amateur of pretty ancles, and he gazed on the one now before him till some part of the dress of the unconscious fair one, more decorous than the other, hid it from sight, but not until the amateur had become deeply interested in the fate of its owner.

He was well known at Hookham's: the lady, during her half breathing and palpitations, had distinctly heard his name apostrophized; she now recovered, and receiving his profound apologies with renewed blushes, as she declared she was not at all injured by the mischance, but found herself able to walk to Mrs. Gunning's, which was only in the next street, without the curricle, or the more humble medium of a hackney coach. On the following morning Noverre was sent with his master's compliments to Pall-Mall, to enquire after the health of Miss Gunning, at "Mrs. Gunning's *Promenade des Modes.*" The course of true love did never run smoothly. This is a mere assertion of one Mr. Shakspeare, which we in one instance mean to confute, unless our readers doubt Sir Theodore was a true lover. He said he was all fire and fury—for in sauntering up Pall-Mall, just *pour passer le tems*, he saw at a window at the *Promenade des Modes*, that a suite of rooms lately occupied by the illustrious P—— was to be let immediately. There may be people impertinent enough to wonder why Sir Theodore, having elegant apartments at the Albany, should require any in Pall-Mall. We shall not answer any rude questions; suffice it to say, he came, saw, and took them: in other words, in one little week he became an inmate at Mrs. Gunning's.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE DANGER OF THE SMALLEST DEVIATION FROM TRUTH ILLUSTRATED:

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

(Concluded from p. 90.)

FATE decreed that the old bachelor with whom Count S—— went to dine, should be seized, after eating a hearty dinner, with a violent cholic. The pleasure of the day was spoiled; the host was carried to bed, and the guests separated. In consequence of this unexpected attack, the young count returned home about eleven o'clock, and was informed that Emily was gone to spend the evening at Captain B.'s. This intelligence gave him no uneasiness; he walked coolly to and fro, confident that the presence of the captain's wife was a sure pledge, that the bounds of decorum would not be transgressed there. The clock, however, struck one, and no Emily came. Another

hour passed, and still she did not return.

The count now began to be uneasy. "What can this mean?" thought he: "she never stays so late as this." He counted every minute, and numbered every hour that struck. When he heard a carriage rattling at a distance, he instantly thought, "That is she;" but still he was disappointed. When he heard footsteps in the street, he cried, "There she comes;" but still she came not. As long as it was dark he was all ear; not the smallest sound escaped him, and he fancied every one had relation to Emily. Some one knocked at the door of a neighbouring physician. "Possibly she may have been taken ill," thought he.

It was to him the most terrible, the most tedious of nights, such as the bewildered wanderer alone passes in a dreary forest. He needed only to have sent to inquire the reason of his wife's stay; but that he did not chuse to do. "I will see," thought he, "how far she will carry it: if she knows that I am at home, she will have leisure to devise some excuse or other for her absence; but if she is surprised by the sight of me, she will not have time to prepare herself, and I shall perhaps read upon her glowing cheek the confession of her shame."

At length it grew light, and now his ears were relieved in their duty by his eyes. As often as he measured the room with hasty step, so often did he stop at the window and look out, not only the way which she was to come, but also that by which she could not possibly be expected. His anxiety increased every minute. He sat down to read, took up a magazine, but though his eyes were stedfastly fixed on the pages, he knew not a word they contained. He went to the piano-forte, sounded a chord, but his fingers remained motionless upon the keys. The clock struck six, and his impatience increased to the highest pitch; it struck seven, and he could no longer endure the cruel suspense.

"If the countess comes home," said he to his valet, "tell her that I am gone to the coffee-house to breakfast." This was the *fifth* untruth; for instead of going to the coffee-house, he went straight to Captain B.'s. Laura had passed the night in the same manner as the count; and indeed still worse, for she was sincerely attached to the captain. She had, however, enjoyed one comfort, which is always at the command of women—namely, tears. This the count perceived from her eyes, which were red with weeping—he perceived it, and trembled. "Has any accident happened to my wife?" cried he hastily to Laura.

Laura. I hope not.

Count. Is she gone from hence, then?

Laura. She left me at half-past three.

Count. Did nothing ail her?

Laura. O no! nothing at all.

Count. And whither was she going?

Laura. Home, I suppose.

Count. Home! but she has not been there. I have just come from home.

Laura (in violent agitation). Well, then, I don't know where she can be gone to.

Count. Did she go alone?

Laura (repressing her tears). My husband accompanied her.

Count. Indeed! And they have been gone three hours and a half? It is very extraordinary!

Laura trembled all over. She would fain have given free vent to her tears, but then she would have betrayed her inmost thoughts. The fear of exciting in the count a suspicion, to which he was perhaps yet a stranger, and thereby furnishing occasion for a duel, which might endanger the life of her husband, restrained her. She dissembled as well as she could, while the flame within raged the more furiously. The count was in the same predicament, and yet he determined to remain at Laura's till her husband returned. They agreed to breakfast together. The chocolate was brought in; they raised the cups to their lips, but without drinking; and the toast, which they tried to eat, they were unable to swallow. Never were two persons so constrained and oppressed by each other's society.

To the great alleviation of both, a doctor, to whom I shall give the name of Tattle, came to inquire after the lady's health. He was a polite little man, who was to be seen every where, who knew every thing, and laughed at every thing; in short, a living chronicle of all the scandal of the town, which caused him to be universally considered as an agreeable companion. No sooner did he remark that Laura was absent, and the count reserved, than he exerted all his art to cheer up their spirits, but without success.

He felt Laura's pulse. "Rather feverish, madam," said he.

"Very likely," was the reply.

"What ails you?"

"Nothing."

"Oho! nothing but a pretty whim, an amiable caprice. But do you know," continued he, with a roguish look, "that it is in my power to change your whim into earnest?"

"How so?"

"Why——the captain——"

"Well, what of the captain? What has he done?"

"That he best knows himself. For my part, I know no more than that I saw him half an hour ago in the park, not far from the keeper's lodge, and in company with a very handsome and elegant female."

"Very likely," rejoined Laura, with a tone designed to denote indifference, but which the glow of her cheeks proved to proceed from a very different sentiment.

"Indeed?" said the count, with an accent intended to express interrogation, but which betrayed the keenest vexation.

Dr. Tattle began to imagine that he had made a discovery, and determined to ascertain the accuracy of his suspicions. "I hope, madam," said he, "that you will know how to take a joke; for though I was not near enough to recognize the lady with whom your husband was walking, still I could perceive that she was perfectly well dressed, and her whole manner showed that she was not of the common order."

This was more than sufficient to aggravate the torments of the count and Laura to the utmost. Anxiety and rage were manifest in every movement. The lips were silent, but quivered convulsively. The

doctor perceived that his company was superfluous, and would have retired. At this moment the captain entered. The presence of the doctor, lightly as it weighed, was nevertheless some restraint upon the count. In a tone that was meant for jocose, but that completely failed of its effect, he accosted the captain with, "What have you done with my wife?"

The captain perceived, from the count's looks, that all was not right; the eyes of his wife betrayed the traces of tears; he conjectured the suspicions of both, and therefore thought it better to say nothing concerning the walk in the park. "I left Emily," replied he, "at her cousin's, who is not well, and wished for her company to breakfast. What is since become of her I don't know."

This was the *sixth* falsehood, and the honest captain could not pronounce it without stammering. The count was silent, though his bosom was convulsed with passion. He coldly took his leave and retired, accompanied by Dr. Tattle.

When the captain and Laura were left to themselves, they soon came to a mutual explanation, in which the honest frankness of the former easily overcame all the suspicions of his wife. But he now learned, to his terror, that his walk in the park had been betrayed by Dr. Tattle; he saw what consequences might result from the little deviation from truth which he had inconsiderately allowed himself. He entreated his wife to hasten to Emily's cousin, to concert with her the means of warning Emily of her danger, and, in particular, to advise her to conceal nothing from her husband.

Laura drove immediately to the cousin's. The count had already been there, and had learned, partly from the mistress, and partly from her servants, that Emily had not staid there above half an hour. With this confirmation of his torturing suspicions he had hastily departed.

Laura instantly sat down, and wrote the following note:—

"*Dear Emily*,

"I am very uneasy on your account. Your husband knows that you were in the park with mine. He is jealous, and I must confess that I was myself not without suspicions. But now, since I have spoken to my husband, I am convinced of your innocence and his. I know how accident has played with you, and am even informed by your cousin how heartily you desired to get rid of his company. I entreat you to be perfectly candid to the count, as my husband has been to me. It is the only way to prevent ill consequences. Your's,

"LAURA.

"P. S. To avoid the appearance of any collusion, the bearer of this is directed to say, that he has brought it from your milliner."

This was the *seventh* apparently innocent lie, to which Laura was induced by the consideration that the count might intercept her note, and then put Emily's frankness to the test, without mentioning any thing of its contents.

Emily had meanwhile reached her home, and learned, with consternation, that her husband returned in the evening, and had

waited for her all night. She perceived at the first glance the disagreeable nature of her situation. "And where is he now?" cried she hastily. "At the coffee-house close by," was the reply.

Glad to have gained a few moments respite, she strove to muster all her courage; but before she had half accomplished her purpose the count entered. At the first look he imagined that he could read his wife's guilt in her sudden change of colour. His fury was ready to break forth; but with great exertion he repressed it, and with dissembled serenity inquired how and where she had spent the night.

"At Captain B.'s," said Emily stammering; "he was upon guard—Laura wished me to keep her company—the time passed away in reading an interesting book till it was much later than we thought.—The captain returned—and would have accompanied me home—but considering it unbecoming, I alighted at my cousin's."

Here she broke off, and was silent.

"Then you are just come from your cousin's?" said the count, looking sternly at her.

What was Emily to reply? She had stopped in her narrative; but why did she stop?—The confession of the walk would now come too late—the count might imagine that it was extorted by fear—he might wonder why she had suppressed this accident, which perhaps in his eyes might be far from seeming accidental—besides, what risk did she run if she concealed from him this trifle? He had been all the morning at the coffee-house, and of course could not know any thing about it—and if she lost no time in warning her cousin, that they might be both in one story, she might thus avoid a scene of the most disagreeable kind. All these reflections, which flashed across her mind with the rapidity of lightning, induced her to tell the *eighth* lie, and to answer the count's question—whether she was just come from her cousin's—in the affirmative. But her *Yes* was brought out with such hesitation, it so lingered half pronounced upon her lips, and her burning cheek so plainly said, *No*—that the count considered the infidelity of his wife as fully proved. The captain had concealed from him the very same point—and what was more natural than to attribute the circumstance to a concerted arrangement?

Having eyed Emily for a moment with a look of supreme contempt, he rushed out of the room. At the door he met a boy bringing Laura's note, and angrily inquired his business.

"Here is a note for the countess," said the boy.

"From whom?"

"From her milliner."

"Give it to me. She has something else to do just now than to think of caps and ribbons."

With these words he snatched the note out of the boy's hand, doubled it up, and put it unopened into his pocket.

He then hurried away like a maniac, and proceeded straight to the captain's, where he found nobody at home. He took a card, upon which he wrote these words:—"Count S— expects Captain B— at the Golden Lion Inn, and begs him not to forget his sword."

The Golden Lion was but a few paces from the captain's residence.

Thither the count repaired, desired to be shown into a back room, and ordered a bottle of wine. In about half an hour he rang for a second bottle. It was brought him. The people of the house remarked something extraordinary about him; and the waiter pretended to be busy in the room, that he might have an opportunity of watching his motions. The count sat biting his nails, and spilt as much wine as he poured into his glass. It was a considerable time before he was aware of the presence of the waiter, and as soon as he was sensible of it, he drove him furiously out of the room.

Meanwhile his last look at Emily, full of rage and despair, had plunged the poor creature into the most cruel distress. Impelled by painful apprehensions, she wrote a confused note to her cousin, and another still more confused to the captain, acquainting both with what had passed, and requesting them to confirm her account, in case her husband should make inquiries of them.

Her cousin, with whom Laura still was, received this note, and learned at the same time the miscarriage of that which had been sent to the countess. Laura trembled, and hastily threw herself into the carriage to return and warn her husband. She came too late. The captain had already received the count's card, as well as the countess's note, and had immediately repaired to the Golden Lion.

He asked for the count, and was ushered into the back room. He politely saluted the count, who, without returning his civilities, sprang up and ran to the door, which he locked. He then turned to his antagonist, and with a tone and manner of the most offensive arrogance, addressed him thus:—"You have assured me, sir, that you have not seen my wife since you left her at her cousin's. I now ask you for the last time: Is that true, or not?"

The captain was not accustomed to this kind of interrogatory. He grew warm, and replied, "Sir, when *I* assert a thing, *you* have no right to doubt it."

Thus by a *ninth* untruth he confirmed all the preceding ones. The consequence was, that the count furiously drew his sword, rushed upon him, and in a few minutes extended him, by a mortal wound in the breast, upon the floor.

The people of the house, alarmed by the clashing of the swords, burst open the door; but it was too late. The captain was found wallowing in his blood. They seized the count, and sent for a surgeon.

The captain felt that he had but a short time to live. He entreated all present to leave him for a moment alone with his adversary. The request of a dying man has irresistible power. All withdrew, and posted themselves on the outside of the door, to prevent the escape of the count. The latter was completely himself again. The sight of the captain's blood had cooled his rage and appeased his animosity. He fixed his eyes with deep emotion and pity upon his wounded antagonist, who, with a faint voice, begged him to kneel down beside him, that he might hear his expiring words.

"I am dying," said he—"believe the assurance of one who is on the brink of the grave. Your wife is

innocent—and so am I—I forgive you—(pressing his hand).—Hasten from this place—be a protector to my wife, and a father to my unborn infant.—Fly (pointing to the window which stood open)—lose no time—away! away!"

He could say no more. The death-rattle nearly stifled his last words. The count retained scarcely so much presence of mind as to be able to follow the advice of his dying friend. He leaped out of the window into the yard, and slipping out by a back door, threw himself into a hackney coach and escaped. Absorbed in profound stupor, he reached the frontiers. There chance decreed that Laura's note, which had remained forgotten in his pocket, should fall into his hands. It contained the confirmation of the innocence of his wife.

He wrote a letter to Emily, which evidently bespoke the derangement of his senses. He bade adieu to her for ever, and the unfortunate man has not been heard of since. The effect of the catastrophe upon Laura was a premature delivery, and for a long time her recovery was despaired of. Emily wept day and night by the bed-side of her friend.

That is the lady in the summer-house, who, lost in gloomy reverie, is tracing letters in the sand; and her pale companion, in deep mourning, whose tears never cease to flow, is Laura.

Thus did nine trivial and apparently innocent untruths cost an excellent man his life, and plunge three estimable persons into inexpressible misery.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. IX.

What greatness, or what private hidden power,
Is there in me, to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? Sure I was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal; prick my hand,
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
Makes me a-cold; my fear says I am mortal:
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me),
And now I do believe it, if I keep
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires,
Or voices calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on,
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin;
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself, and more misshapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a power
In that great name of virgin, that binds fast
All rude, uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines: then, strong Chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell,
In opposition against Fate and Hell.

FLETCHER's *Faithful Shepherdess.*

IT may be in the recollection of my readers, that, in a former number, a question was addressed to me relative to the origin of a certain mysterious proverb, very familiar to every one, respecting the

allotment of that class of females distinguished by the title of OLD MAIDS, in a future state of existence; and it was particularly requested to illustrate the employment assigned them of *leading apes in hell.*

I did not feel myself disposed, from the delicacy of the subject, to engage in an inquiry so ill suited to female disquisition; and if, in a vain or foolish moment, I had indulged an idle inclination to pursue it, I must soon have been checked by experiencing a total disqualification for the task. I therefore waited till some ingenious correspondent, skilled in that branch of antiquarian knowledge which relates to symbols, figures, fables, and proverbs, should condescend to favour me with his opinions on the subject.

With this determination I have good reason to be satisfied, as I have at length received a letter relative to the inquiry, which, though not altogether decisive, is replete with ingenuity, fancy, and information, and throws as much light upon the object of investigation as it appears to be capable of receiving. I am not myself one of those females, who, on account of their virgin state, are so frequently, and, I shall add, so illiberally and unjustly, made a subject of jest and contumely; for I have been the wife of two husbands, who are gone to rest, and the mother of five children, three of whom, Heaven protect them, I see like olive-branches round my table: nevertheless, I cannot assume it as a rightful privilege to consider, much less to treat with disrespect, any of my sex who have not been subjected to the laws of Hymen, or been in a state to fulfil the duties of a mother. Even supposing, which however is by no means to be taken for granted, that the condition of an old maid is of inferior estimation, as it is not to be attributed to herself, but to those cross accidents of life which it is not in her power to command or controul, it must be the height of injustice to regard it either with ridicule or disdain: nay, on the contrary, I do not hesitate to declare, that some of the most amiable and excellent women I have known, have been in that class of my sex who have borne their virgin honours to the grave. But I am led from the object before me, and therefore shall proceed to communicate the letter, which will form the interesting part of this paper.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Madam,

It has been an amusement of mine, from the early part of my life, to collect, examine, and explain the various proverbial sayings and expressions that are peculiar to different countries and languages, ancient and modern, as well as the provincial peculiarities that are found to prevail, and the idioms that are in habitual use in the different parts of the country which gave me birth. I have a large folio full of my collections, and have sometimes felt an inclination to send it to the press, as a publication that might be of no inconsiderable use to critics, commentators, and the curious in logographic inquiries. Some of these proverbial sayings, however, have not yielded, at least in a manner altogether satisfactory, to my re-

searches. Among them is that which assigns the miserable occupation of leading apes (I will not make use of the horrid word generally annexed to it) in a future state of existence. I shall, however, give you all the information on the subject which I have been able to attain from others, with such opinions as my own curious and investigating mind has suggested to myself.

One of my ingenious friends is convinced, that this predestinating proverb was invented and propagated by the monks, to allure opulent maiden females into the cloister, by persuading them, that as they were likely to become the wives of men, they might become the spouses of God, and, by such an union on earth, be protected from the sentence, which otherwise condemns them to the most rude, disgusting, and improvident companion that can well be conceived in a future world. This notion is too whimsical, as well as *trop récherché*, to meet with my fastidious humour: for my part, I am rather inclined to rank an idea so injurious to the virgin character, among the dismal and irrational superstitions of the Egyptians, as I find a passage in Hermes Trismegistus, which states, that those women who die childless are, immediately after their death, tormented by demons. I must confess, however, that from the very high respect which the Egyptians entertained for the ape, the demons mentioned by Trismegistus could hardly be of that figure. Indeed, the affectionate adoration which apes have sometimes received, as we learn from the pious poet Prudentius (*Venerem precaris, comprecare et simiam*), has, at times, led me to conjecture, that the saying in question might have arisen in some country where it bore a very different meaning from what we annex to it at present, and where this destiny of the ancient virgin was intended not as a punishment, but as the reward of her continence.

I do not recollect to have seen the expression of *leading apes in hell*, in any English author before Shirley the dramatic poet, remarkable for the number of plays which he wrote, and dying, with his wife, of the fright occasioned by the fire of 1666. In his comedy called *The School of Compliment*, printed in 1637, there is a scene, in which, to humour the madness of Infortunio, a leading personage in the piece, the several characters on the stage pretend to be damned. Delia, among the rest, declares, that she was brought into her wretched and lamentable situation as the fatal consequence of her being a stale virgin, or, in the more intelligible phrase, an *old maid*, and that the horrid punishment assigned her was to *lead apes in hell.*

But to bring the matter to something like a conclusive opinion, I shall beg leave to state how I have reconciled this expression to my understanding; or rather, what was the meaning intended to be annexed by the judicial ingenuity of the wit who first employed it.

It would be the height of injustice to consider any circumstance, unattended with moral turpitude or criminal intention, as deserving of punishment; and it is altogether improbable, if not absolutely unnatural, that any female should voluntarily and by preference select

the maiden state as the condition of her life, merely as such; nor is, I presume, an example to be found of a woman who could marry with a rational prospect of happiness, and, under such circumstances, turned her back upon the altar.

Instances must have occurred to every one, who has advanced on the journey of life, where female resolution has been seen to resist the invitations of Hymen, from motives that discretion has awakened and reason may approve. While, on the other hand, it must have been visible, how much misery is produced by matrimonial connections hurried on by passion, or formed by interest, in which neither the understanding nor the heart has been duly consulted; and, of course, the happiness that ought to result from the most important connection of life is left to accidental circumstances, in which the risk is by no means in favour of a successful issue.

I will suppose, by way of illustrating my notion on the subject, the two following situations; though I need not state them on supposition, as they were familiar to my own observation, and the respective parties perfectly well known to myself. The one was a young lady of very respectable connections; but, in consequence of being one of a numerous family, her principal fortune was the beauty she had received from nature, and the accomplishments which had been afforded by a superior education. At the age of twenty she had won the regards of a young gentleman of handsome fortune; and she did not hesitate to make every return of regard and affection which he required of her. But as his father, who consulted the fortunes rather than the happiness of his son, objected to the consummation of his wishes, they could not be gratified till the old gentleman, who had long been in a very declining state of health, was removed by death from forming any further obstacles to the pleasing prospect of connubial happiness. But in this disappointing world, little dependance can be had on any thing which is not actually in our possession. Every thing was settled for this promising union; and even the day was named when the ceremonial of the altar was to repay the happy pair for all their fears, doubts, and anxieties, which they had suffered. But the hand of fate interposed; the young man was suddenly seized with an illness which baffled all the efforts of medical skill: in short, he died, but gave the only proof of regard now in his power to the destined bride, by securing to her a very liberal independence. She lamented her loss with unbounded grief, and formed a resolution to wed herself to the grave of her lover, and devote herself to virgin solitude for his sake. Her fortune was sufficient to give her all the comforts of life; and, in that point of view, she was impelled by no inducement to swerve from the resolution she had decidedly formed. Five years passed, and more than one proposal had been rejected: at length, however, the hour of temptation arrived which did not meet with the wish to resist it. A baronet, who was no longer a young man, appeared as a suitor; and as he brought a title, and all its fascinating accompaniments along with

it; she forgot the tomb over which she had wept, and took possession of a splendid allotment, in which she soon forgot to smile. Harassed by the peevishness of a sick husband, suspected by his jealousy, and misruled by his tyranny, she sought for what she could attain of her former comfort by a deed of separation; and did not become a widow till, if she had even been bold enough, it was too late once more to become a wife.

The contrast to this character will demand an equal space to describe it.

Marianne had considerable attractions, and possessed a superior understanding, polished by education, and, which is still better, had been subsequently improved by herself. Fashionable education, unfortunately, gains more and more the ascendancy over good education; as for one young woman who is brought up to fulfil the real duties of the marriage state, as a housewife or a mother, a much greater proportion will be found who learn little more than to tickle the keys of a piano-forte, to thrum the strings of a harp, to sing, to dance, to babble a foreign language, with at most a little needle-work and embroidery; in short, to make themselves dolls for a baby-man to play withal. Marianne, however, had all the former, and all that was essential to the latter; but she had formed certain notions of matrimonial happiness which were not confined to the mere having of a husband. She had observed among her female acquaintance how few of them had improved their condition by going to the altar and changing their names, without having duly considered the character, temper, and habits of the man whose names they assumed. Her own sister had happened to dance with a gentleman at a public assembly, who was so struck with her charms, that the very next day he was a suitor for her hand. He happened to have a good fortune, with a handsome person, and did not sue in vain. In less than a month he led her to the altar; and in the course of another month she awoke from her fancied dream of happiness, with the melancholy conviction that she should be a wretch for life. My heroine, therefore, determined to weigh the merits of any lovers she might have in the scale of her own judgment, to examine well the preferences of her heart, and not to let the irretrievable die be cast till her reason was convinced, that the chances in favour of happiness were of a decisive character. She had several opportunities of fulfilling her resolution, and she completely fulfilled it: but the result was, that she grew into an OLD MAID. As she never became a wife, she consequently never became a mother; but the maternal duties she exercised for many years with exemplary care and affection. Her sister, whose days were supposed to have been shortened by the base treatment of a profligate husband, requested, on her dying pillow, that her three female children, who were then young, might be consigned to the care of their maiden aunt. This last entreaty was complied with, and their maiden aunt employed all the years which they required to make them the ornaments of their sex and

their nature. When she introduced them into the world, at the age when it is proper that they should appear there, they were the admiration of all who beheld them. Such a woman as this, OLD MAID as she was, ought not surely to be sentenced to *lead apes in hell.*

What then are the characters—for proverbs, figurative as they may be, are generally founded in justice, and are the offspring of experience—what then, I say, are the characters to whose ancient virginity punishment might be justly applied? I will endeavour to tell you.

Sophia had formed a resolution never to marry, unless the ardent proposition of love was accompanied with a title; and a title never presented itself.

Leonora was convinced, that she should be disgraced if her bridegroom did not take her to church in his coach and four; and no one appeared to make her that offer but in a carriage and pair.

Henrietta had formed the determined whimsey to make it an essential in the gentleman whom she would favour with her hand, that he should be in a rank of life to render it necessary for her to be presented at court; but the courtiers proceeded no further than compliments and *congées*, and, in their addresses to her, not an hymeneal expression escaped them.

Litterella, my fourth and last, who piqued herself upon her epistolary writing, and had more correspondents than any young lady of her age, or perhaps any age, in the kingdom, determined never to marry a man who could not frank her letters; and neither peer nor member of parliament appeared to perform that office upon the proposed conditions.

The ladies, however, had one virtue; they maintained their respective resolutions, consequently became OLD MAIDS for their folly, and deserve to *lead apes in hell.*

But why, it may be said, of all the beasts of the forest, are *apes* selected as the associates of this punishment? I have only to conjecture, that for the whimsical weakness, to say no more of such ancient misses as I have described, in refusing rational marriage with man, they are proverbially condemned to the society of that animal who bears the most disgusting resemblance of him.

But to console the amiable, sensible, and which may be considered as the unfortunate class of the maiden sisterhood, I shall conclude with the sentiments of a distinguished poet, who seems to have been influenced by what he felt, as a humane wish to make some amends for the insult of this injurious proverb, by assigning a place to *old maids* of the better description in his poetical elysium.

"Turn to this cheerful band, and mark in this
Spirits who justly claim my realms of bliss!
Most lovely these! when judged by generous truth,
Though beauty is not theirs, nor blooming youth;
For these are they, who, in life's thorny shade,
Reluctant bore the name of ancient maid.
No proud disdain, no narrowness of heart,
Held them from Hymen's tempting rites apart,
But fair Discretion led them to withdraw
From the prized honour of his proffer'd law;
To quit the object of no hasty choice,
In mild submission to a parent's voice,
The valued lover with a sigh resign,
And sacrifice delight at Duty's shrine.
With smiles they bore, from angry spleen exempt,
Imperious mockery and coarse contempt;

'Twas theirs to clasp, each selfish care above,
A sister's orphans with parental love,
And all her tender offices supply,
Though bound not by the strong maternal tie;
'Twas theirs to bid intestine quarrels cease,
And form the cement of domestic peace:
No throbbing joy their spotless bosom fir'd,
Save what Benevolence herself inspired;
No praise they sought, except that praise refin'd,
Which the heart whispers to the worthy mind.

A CURIOUS INQUIRER.

DESCRIPTION OF THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

THE valley of Chamouni is situated in the province of Faussigny, which belongs to Savoy, and while that country was incorporated with the French empire, formed a portion of the department of Leman. On the south it is separated from Italy by the lofty range of Mont Blanc; Mont Breven and the Aiguilles Rouges form its north side; on the east, towards the Valais, it is bounded by the Col de Balme, and on the west by Mont Lacha. From north-east to south-west it is from 15 to 20 miles in length, and not more than one in breadth.

The Arve rises at the foot of the Col de Balme, and in its course collects the streams that issue from various glaciers around Mont Blanc; it traverses the whole valley longitudinally, and quitting it at the foot of Mont Lacha, discharges its turbid current into the Rhone, not far from Geneva.

There is no access to this valley except by the two ends. The road which leads from Geneva to its lower part, being the better of the two, is most frequented. Beyond Salenche, where carriages are left, it is, however, passable only for small light vehicles, called *chars à banc*, which are taken to pieces by the drivers at bad parts of the road, and afterwards put together again. When the traveller has passed the plain of Salenche, the road rises at the village of Chede, and again descends near the forges of Servos, towards the Arve, which is crossed by the bridge of Pelissier: on the other side the road again rises above the river, and still more at the foot of Mont Lacha. This last portion of it is uncommonly wild. Between overhanging rocks and beneath lofty pines, the whitish waters of the Arve dash foaming into a deep chasm. Mont Blanc, whose summit is at first visible on the left, now presents its whole form, so that you see it at a little distance before you. The glaciers of La Gria and Taconnay, which appear suspended between prodigious ridges of rocks over the head of the traveller, seem to threaten the villages built at their foot with inevitable destruction. Here the valley of Chamouni is first discovered on the left. Its cheerful aspect forms an extraordinary contrast to the wild country which you have just traversed. The whole valley gradually opens; the Arve inclines sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other; it is diversified with fine arable land, charming pastures and meadows, and villages planted with shady trees. The magnificent glacier of Bosson, and farther on the ice-field of Bois, descend completely into the valley; their azure spires overtop the summits of the pines by which they are accompanied to the limits of vegetation, where nothing but naked blocks

of granite vary the surface of the soil.

From the upper extremity of the valley two roads lead from Chamouni into the Valais, but both are impassable even for the lightest carriage. They commence at the village of Argentière, two leagues from the Prieuré; the one runs to the left, through Valerfine, over the Tête Noire; the other, which is the longer of the two, leads through the village of Tour, down a steep declivity, to the Col de Balme. A little eminence by the road-side, 1181 fathoms above the surface of the sea, presents one of the most delightful distant views of the Alps. Towards the Valais, you see its extensive plain, and the long chain of inaccessible glaciers and rocks by which it is bounded, and which terminates at Mount Furka, at the distance of 30 leagues. On the other side the eye rests upon the gigantic figure of Mont Blanc: the less elevated peaks which surround it, seem designed merely to make it appear more lofty by comparison; as the immeasurable fields of ice that encircle it, and extend in long branches into the valley, appear destined to complete its magnificent outline. At its feet is spread the valley of Chamouni, in which you discern Argentière, Tinnes, several others of its villages, and the Prieuré.

Both roads lead to the village of Trient, where the traveller crosses the Forclas, 778 fathoms above the level of the sea, and descends to Martinach. Persons going from France by the road of the Simplon to Italy, are not unfrequently induced to make an excursion from this place, which is only nine leagues from Chamouni, over the Forclas and the Col de Balme, to the glaciers.

In the middle of the valley is its capital, Chamouni, or the Prieuré: from this village the more distant excursions are undertaken. Travellers here find clean inns and good attendance, rarely met with, except in towns, and not expected in so sequestered a spot.

The medium temperature of the valley of Chamouni, which is 528 fathoms above the surface of the sea, and at the foot of mountains covered with everlasting snow, is cold and unfavourable to agriculture; no wheat is sown there, the only kinds of corn being barley and oats: potatoes yield an abundant produce; flax thrives remarkably well; and the honey is delicately white and of an aromatic flavour. A peculiar advantage possessed by the soil of this valley, consists in the facility with which, after it has been several years under corn, it is converted into natural meadows, probably owing to the fertilizing humidity which is kept up by the vicinity of the mountains.

Few kinds of fruit-trees thrive in the valley of Chamouni. The summer is too short, and the night frosts too common, to allow the young stocks to acquire sufficient strength to resist the severe cold of winter. The shortness of the summer has occasioned a remarkable practice for hastening the melting of the snow, when its great accumulation would otherwise delay the labours of the field: upon the snow which covers the field intended to be sown, the inhabitants strew black mould, which, by absorbing the sun's rays in greater

quantity, promotes the melting of the snow, and thus forwards the operations of agriculture a fortnight or three weeks.

Cattle constitute the chief wealth of the people of Chamouni: thus the property of each is calculated by the number of cows he can keep in winter. In summer the horned cattle feed in the numerous common pastures, whose vegetation is sheltered by the mountains that inclose the valley: but for their support during the long and severe winter, a considerable stock of hay, and consequently a proportionate extent of meadow, is required. The few mules that are met with in the valley, are kept for the service of travellers and for the conveyance of goods. For some years past sheep have been bred here, and they thrive very well.

The first visit of public notoriety to this remarkable valley took place in 1741. The celebrated traveller Pococke, after his return from the East, and another Englishman, named Windham, discovered this till then unknown region. The inhabitants of the valley of Chamouni had previously been considered in the light of savages, and Mont Blanc, with the surrounding peaks, were denominated—the accursed mountains.

About 1760 it began to be more commonly visited, and the interesting account of M. de Saussure rendered it generally known, so that now it is perhaps one of the most frequented tracts in Europe.

The inhabitants of Chamouni were distinguished by purity and simplicity of manners, but the increased intercourse with strangers has produced a change for the worse. The money introduced by these means has taught them the value of that commodity, and excited a desire to obtain it: but still the people of the valley are honest, kind, and courteous to travellers, from whom they derive much useful knowledge. Their conversation is in general agreeable, and many of them possess a very minute acqaintance with the natural relations of their country.

Though not of large stature, these people are well made and robust: they are seen with light and sure step ascending and descending, under considerable burdens, steep paths, where a foreigner could not follow without trembling. The women too are strongly built: it is they who perform most of the labours of the field, while the men are engaged in tending the flocks on the neighbouring mountains, or in accompanying travellers as guides. These, however, are not the only employments of the men: some of them go in summer to the country of Tarantaise and the valley of Aosta, to make cheese; others wander to still more distant parts; and those who remain at home, ascend the lofty mountains and the upper parts of the glaciers, to collect crystals, rare stones, plants, or insects.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ISLAND OF SARK.

THE small island of Sark, situated between Guernsey and Jersey, is but little known; and the stratagem by which the English recovered possession of it from France, perhaps still less so.

The island of Sark is situated about four leagues to the south-east of Guernsey, in the centre of that cluster of islands which lie opposite to the coast of France. As these islands formed part of the duchy of Normandy at the time of the Conqueror's invasion, they became of course dependencies on the English crown; to which, with little interruption, they have ever since belonged. In the year 1549 the French possessed themselves of the island of Sark; where they built forts, and kept it for some years. It was, however, recovered by an English captain, by means of a stratagem not less singular and successful, than that of the celebrated Trojan horse.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the island of Sark being wholly possessed by the French, of which nation are most of the inhabitants to this day, a sea captain, apprehending that its neighbourhood, if it continued in French hands, might one time or other be of ill consequence to Jersey and Guernsey, the only remaining trophies of our French conquests and possessions, solicited of the queen a commission to reduce it to her obedience. Her Majesty told him, that the place was so small, and the attempt so hazardous, that she feared the loss of men would be more damage, than its taking would be of advantage: for you must note, that the passage down to La Soguion was not made, nor did it appear half so accessible as it does now. But our captain replied, "that if her Majesty would give him command and necessaries, he durst assure her he would set English colours there, without the loss of a man." The queen yielded to his importunity; and he put to sea with a hundred resolute men, and after cruizing awhile up and down, came and lay before this island, in the character of a homeward-bound merchantman, and sending in his boat with several taking commodities, three or four of his men were suffered to land. With these the people traded for a day or two with much amity; and then they told the islanders, that having been a long trading voyage to the Straits, their master, who died lately, had engaged them not to throw his corpse overboard, but inter it with Christian burial in the very place where they should first touch ground: therefore they desired the Christian favour of them, that they might lay him in their church-yard, and that a few of them might be permitted to come on shore, without any arms, to perform the ceremony. The credulous people consented; our captain and about twenty of his stoutest men, with a coffin, and much seeming solemnity, went on shore, the natives assisting them to get their coffin up the precipice; but no sooner were they arrived at the church, than clapping to the door, as if they had some private devotions to celebrate, at which the inhabitants might not be present, they opened the coffin, filled, instead of a corpse, with instruments of death; and arming themselves in an instant, killed the small French guard that offered to resist, fetching more of their company from the landing-place, and in five hours time, without the loss of one man, made themselves masters of the whole island, which has ever since boasted the honour of being part

of the dominions of the English crown.

This island is not above five miles in length, and three where broadest, the number of inhabitants scarcely exceeding four hundred people; it consequently can be no temptation to the ambition of any prince: yet nature, as if she had stored up some extraordinary treasure there, seems to have been very solicitous to render it impregnable by the vast rocks and mighty cliffs all around it, whose craggy tops, braving the clouds, bid defiance to all that dream of forcing an entrance. There are only two passages or ascents to it. The first, where all goods or commodities are received, is called La Soguion. This curious passage was cut by order of Philip de Carteret, Lord of St. Ouen, in Jersey, to whom Queen Elizabeth granted it soon after its recovery from the French, to be held by him and his heirs of the crown, under a small acknowledgment. Here, for a considerable space, through a solid rock, a cart-way is cut down to the sea, with two strong gates for its defence, wherein most of the stores are kept for navigation, and two pieces of ordnance are always planted above to prevent surprise. The other passage is called La Fricherée, where only passengers can land, who are obliged to climb up one at a time by certain steps cut in the ascent to a vast height, and not without some danger.—The air is serene: there is not a physician on the island, yet the people in general live to a good old age. Their water is good. The soil is in general sandy, yet fruitful in producing every necessary for the inhabitants, particularly roots. They are well stored with apples, of which they make excellent cyder. Corn they have of most kinds, but not in any great quantity; their pasture is short, but sweet; their mutton excellent, but their black cattle in no great numbers. Their firing is furze and turf. Fish, fowl, and rabbits form their principal food, and are all good of their kind. The garrison consists of forty soldiers, under the command of a captain, maintained by contribution of the inhabitants. The court of judicature consists of one judge, a provost, and five burghers. They meet every Tuesday, and, without any tedious formalities, intricate demurrers, wire-drawn arguments, or writs of error, determine all causes according to their mother wit and grave discretion, except in cases of life and death, when the criminals are immediately sent away for trial and punishment to Guernsey. Their principal trade is knitting stockings, gloves, caps, and waistcoats; in which men, women, and children are all employed, to the number often of thirty or forty in a body, knitting and singing together in a barn. These articles they trade with to England, and in return provide themselves with every necessary they have occasion for.

SOMERSET.

Plate 15.—THE BANQUETING-HOUSE, WHITEHALL.

The spacious palace of Whitehall was originally built by Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, the great and persecuted justiciary of England, in the reign of Henry III. He bequeathed it to the Black Friars in Holborn, and they disposed of it in 1248 to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York. It became for centuries the residence of the prelates of that city, and was styled York-House. Here Wolsey took his final leave of greatness; and by his forfeiture it passed into the hands of his rapacious master. As the ancient palace of Westminster had some time before suffered much from fire, that of Whitehall became the residence of the British monarchs, till it was almost wholly destroyed by the same element in 1697.

In the time of James I. Whitehall was in a most ruinous state. He determined to rebuild it in a princely manner, and to make it worthy of being the residence of the sovereigns of the British empire. He began with pulling down the banqueting-rooms erected by Queen Elizabeth. The structure, which now bears that name, was commenced in 1619, from a design of Inigo Jones, in his purest manner, and executed by Nicholas Stone, master-mason and architect to the king. It was finished in two years, and cost 17,000*l.*; but was only a small part of a vast plan, left unexecuted on account of the unhappy times which succeeded. It was to have consisted of four fronts, each with an entrance between two fine square towers: within, a large central court, and five smaller: between two of the latter a beautiful circus, with an arcade below; the intervening pillars ornamented with caryatides. The length of this palace was to have been 1152 feet, and the depth 874.

Little did James imagine, when he was erecting this pile, that here his son was to step from the throne to the scaffold. He was brought, on the morning of his death, from St. James's, across the Park, to Whitehall, where, ascending the great staircase, he passed through the long gallery to his bed-chamber. Here he was allowed to pass a short time before he received the fatal stroke. He was thence conducted along the galleries and the Banqueting-House, through the wall, in which a passage was broken, to his last earthly stage.

At the time of the king's death, contiguous to the Banqueting-House was a large building, with a long roof, and a small cupola rising out of the middle. From a complete plan of the whole edifice, taken in 1680 by John Fisher, and engraved in 1747 by Vertue, it appears that it extended along the river, and in front along the present Parliament-street and Whitehall as far as Scotland-yard, and on the other side of those streets to the turning into Spring Garden, looking into St. James's Park. In the time of Charles II. and James II. not only all the branches of the royal family, but likewise the whole court and all their attendants, found accommodation within its walls.

The Banqueting-House, the

only remaining relic of this abode of royalty, has, for upwards of a century, been converted into a chapel. The ceiling of this noble room cannot be sufficiently admired. It was painted by Rubens, who was paid 3000*l.* for his work, in the execution of which he is said to have been assisted by his pupil Jordaens. The subject is the apotheosis of James I. in nine compartments. One of the middle represents the pacific monarch on his earthly throne, turning with horror from Mars and other deities of discord; and, as it were, giving himself up to the amiable goddess whom he always worshipped, and to her attendants, Commerce and the Fine Arts. This noble performance is painted upon canvas, and is in good preservation; but some years since it underwent a repair from the hand of Cipriani, who is reported to have been paid 2000*l.* for his trouble. The altar-piece, but ill suited to the style of the place, was carried thither from the old palace, having escaped the fire which destroyed that building, and was the gift of Queen Anne. Near the entrance is a bronze bust of the royal founder, larger than life.

This building has of late years acquired additional interest as the place where the trophies, so nobly wrested by British valour from an enemy who arrogated to himself the title of invincible, are deposited. To us it appears a question worthy of serious consideration, whether a much greater effect would not be produced by preserving these, and all other glorious memorials of our victories, in a structure open every day, and every hour of the day, to the gratuitous inspection of all classes of our countrymen. They would surely, in this case, be much more likely to excite that glow of patriotism, and to cherish that military ardour, which it is often of the highest importance to the state to inflame and encourage.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

FANTASIA, *in which is introduced the Air of "The Captive to his Bird," arranged and composed for the Piano-Forte, inscribed to Madame Marconi,* by A. A. Klengel. Op. 19. Pr. 3s. 6d.

The air, "The Captive to his Bird," although more particularly and authentically introduced in the third movement, forms the ground-work of all the various pieces constituting this fantasia. It is distinctly shewn in the introductory adagio, in the two allegros, the larghetto, the polacca, and in the concluding quick movement; so that the whole resembles a set of free and irregular variations upon the before-mentioned theme. To say that in all these fine taste and consummate talent are alike perceptible, is but a repetition of the praises which former works of this author have copiously demanded at our hands; while, on the other hand, a detailed analysis of a work of this kind would far exceed our space. Among the more prominent excellencies, however, of this production of Mr. K.'s muse, we may justly number the able harmonic treatment of the air itself in

the andante, *p.* 3, especially with regard to the support of the left hand; as also the energetic allegro, *p.* 4, the peculiar character of which affords scope to matured executive proficiency. The larghetto, *p.* 6, distinguishes itself above all, in point of scientific contrivance, the subject of the air being thrown into the shape of a canon, with contrary motion, a device which has led to the employment of much elegant contrapuntal arrangement. The succeeding polacca, and particularly its trio in minor key, evince the utmost delicacy of expression, blended with occasional display of chromatic digression. In the last movement, *p.* 12 (a kind of coda), we also observe some very select modulations, preparatory to a fine cadence; after which, a short presto resumes the air, and terminates the fantasia with striking effect.

"*The Chough and Crow to roost are gone,*" *the celebrated Gipsey Glee and Chorus, sung in the musical Play of Guy Mannering, or The Gipsey's Prophecy, composed* by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 3s.

Besides the three principal voices, two trebles and one bass, for which this glee is set, there is a chorus of four and five parts intervening between the parts assigned to the former; but the whole of this composition may also be had arranged for three voices only. The opening part allotted to the first treble sets out with a highly interesting subject, and proceeds through several select and striking passages, which have the merit of corresponding eminently with the impressive text of the poetry. The chorus then interposes, and its wild and original melody, as well as the able arrangement of the parts, and the active instrumental accompaniments, produce an excellent effect. After this the second soprano falls in with a solo, equally suited to the character of the poetry, and is followed by the chorus; and, lastly, the bass enters upon a solo in its turn, the energy and boldness of which are very conspicuous, and the piece is wound up by the chorus. In the whole of this composition, we observe, on the one hand, the most just conception of the text; and, on the other, an inventive originality, guided by matured talent and knowledge of musical stage effect.

"*The Winds whistle cold,*" *Glee in the musical Play called Guy Mannering, performed at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed* by H. R. Bishop. Pr. 2s. 6d.

This glee is set for three voices, an alto, tenor, and bass, and considerably resembles the one before noticed, in style and arrangement. Its opening movement, too, appears to us preferably attractive; it possesses a sweet simplicity of melody, eminently adapted to a rich harmonical support, and well relieved by the blunt and energetic solos of the bass voice which occasionally intervene. The choruses in this glee are limited to three staves, so that the whole, as it stands, may be executed by three voices.

A well-known favourite Theme by A. Mozart, with six new Variations, composed for the Harp, with a Violin or Flute Accompaniment, dedicated to Peter Erard, Esq. by J. B. Mayer. Pr. 4s. 6d.

It would be difficult to name a theme better adapted to variations, than the simple and neat melody of

Mozart which Mr. M. has chosen for his subject, and which he has treated with his usual success in compositions of this kind. The first variation is conspicuous by the natural flow of the melody under a more expanded form, and by some good inner parts. In the second and third we are presented with a variety of interesting semiquaver and triplet passages; in the fourth the left hand is set in *harmonic* sounds. The fifth demands notice on account of the very effective bass support; and the sixth, and last, what with some showy passages, crossing of hands, and its little "codina," arrives at a proper and well-wrought conclusion. Mr. Mayer's numerous variations, besides the good taste which pervades them, have invariably the merit of keeping true to the theme, without deviating, as is but too often the case, into all kinds of far-fetched extravagancies and *concetti.*

The Brunswick Waltzes, composed, and dedicated with Permission, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, by Miss Belina Grimani. Op. 2. Pr. 5s.

As pieces for the piano-forte, without reference to their aptitude for the ball-room, these waltzes, eight in number, are entitled to much commendation: their style is rather novel, and the ideas in general are select and tasteful, although, in some cases perhaps, a little too *récherchées* and artificial: hence the performer will here and there meet with calls upon considerable executive proficiency. Among these practical difficulties stands foremost Miss G.'s favourite mode of bass accompaniment, by leaps of the left hand from the lower octave to a higher fifth or sixth. To be possessed of the knack of this digital manœuvre, requires not a little special training. This sort of waltz accompaniment seems at present to be much in fashion among the Germans; and the performance of these waltzes by a lady of that country, Miss K——l, has brought us acquainted with them to the best advantage.

Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and inscribed by Permission to Miss Charlotte Cripps, by Caroline Kerby. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Like the literary labours of the fair sex, which, generally speaking, produce rather what is called light reading than subjects of profound meditation; Miss K.'s rondo before us steers perfectly clear of any thing which could be deemed bordering on the higher and scientific walks of composition; while, on the other hand, the authoress has succeeded in preparing musical food of easy digestion, and pleasing to the taste. The subject of the rondo is lightsome and pretty; it is agreeably varied in the second page; crossed hands are effectively introduced *p.* 3; in the fourth we are presented with an appropriate *minore* and cadence: in short, the whole of the movement is well put together, aptly harmonized upon the whole, and, in all respects, proper for the practice of students of moderate proficiency.

A third Air, with Variations, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated by Permission to the Hon. Miss Murray, by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The theme which Mr. B. has devised for his variations, is a very

interesting andantino of regular construction (eight bars in each part), except that in the exposition of the theme an amplification of two bars occurs at the end of the second part; which are, however, dropped in the variations. The variations demand our highest approbation; they exhibit great inventive facility, and certainly add considerably to the opinion we had formed from prior works of Mr. B.'s abilities as a harmonist. We can plainly perceive the careful attention which has been exercised to avoid crudities of any kind. Without particularizing the individual merits of each variation, every one of which possesses peculiar features of interest, we shall only add our testimony as to the extreme aptitude of these variations for the desk of not only the advanced student, but of even scholars of limited abilities.

1r No. *de la Souscription. Troisieme Concerto pour la Flute, avec Accompagnement de Grand Orchestre, composé, et dedié à Madame Catalani,* par L. Drouet, *premiere Flute de la Chapelle du Roi de France.* Op. 19. Pr. 12s.

In introducing this concerto to the notice of our readers, we must premise, that we have not had the advantage of hearing it executed, and that our opinion is consequently the result of mere ocular inspection of the work before us. Those who have heard the astonishing powers of Mr. Drouet on the abovenamed instrument, must have felt convinced, that his talents are not only of a practical description, but that his celebrity as a player is the joint result of mechanical perfection, elegant taste, and a thorough knowledge of musical science. The latter qualifications are fully evinced in the composition of this concerto, which consists of an allegro in one sharp, an adagio in two sharps, and a polacca in one sharp. To give an idea of the infinite variety of beautiful solos which these three movements contain, would be as tedious as useless to our readers. They must be heard to be appreciated. The subjects of the movements are select and highly interesting, and the *tuttis*, as far as perusal enables us to judge, are elegant and effective. The motivo of the polacca appears to us particularly novel and agreeable.

Sanderson's Study of the Bow and Finger-Board, being fifty five Variations upon a Theme, wherein are displayed a great Variety of different bowing and fingering according to the modern School, intended for the Practice and Improvement of Amateurs and young Professors of the Violin, with an Accompaniment, ad lib. composed, and dedicated by Permission to William Shield, Esq. by James Sanderson. Pr. 8s.

We have perused and examined this laborious work with great satisfaction, and we sincerely hope it will, as it ought to do, tend to encourage the study of the violin, an instrument rather neglected of late in this country, among amateurs at least, although the most perfect, elegant, and essential of all musical instruments. We are fully sensible of the difficulty of the task of writing a work of this kind, and, above all, of embodying every desirable feature of instruction in fifty-five variations *upon one theme*;

and we are therefore the more disposed to pay our tribute of cordial approbation to the masterly manner in which the task has been performed. It would perhaps have been more agreeable to the pupil, to have chosen *several different subjects* for these numerous variations, and yet equally possible to convey the same quantum of instruction; but the preservation of the same subject, on the other hand, tends to point out more forcibly the difference in the mechanical treatment and execution of the passages. In the latter respect, Mr. S. has very properly left little or nothing to the instinctive guess of the learner: besides indicating the fingers, as well as the different evolutions of the bow, by means of the usual signs, concise and appropriate directions are given with every variation, to explain its character, and the peculiarities to be observed in its execution. The accompaniment of a second part we consider a very proper addition to the work: it is extremely elegant and effective.

A Military Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Fanny Cooke, by Joseph Sharp. Pr. 2s. 6d.

This divertimento consists of a march and a quick movement in the waltz style, both in three flats, and both evidently devised and arranged to meet the sphere of the less advanced pupil. To this object we are inclined to ascribe the plainness of accompaniment particularly observable in the march. The subject of the waltz is very pretty; and the whole of that movement is treated in proper style, as well as with more liberality of harmonic support than the march. The trio in four flats, less difficult than might be thought at first sight, is pleasing; and a proper coda terminates the whole in a workman-like manner.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

(From JAMES'S *Travels in Germany, Sweden*, &c.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the favourable state of the public mind, such is the principle of the Russian government, that it was held expedient to keep the people, as far as possible, in ignorance of the real condition of affairs; and most singular were the devices adopted. About ten days before the French forces entered Moscow, the governor, Rastopchin, issued a proclamation, stating that a balloon was preparing which was to be filled with various combustibles, and would accomplish a great scheme for the deliverance of the country; that on the following Sunday a small one would be launched by way of experiment; and the inhabitants were forewarned of its appearance, lest any unnecessary alarm should be excited, for it was

only the forerunner of that which was to destroy *Znodoy, the wicked one.* Another proclamation requested the youths of Moscow to meet on the Sparrow Hills on a stated day, in order to repel the presumptuous hosts of the enemy. In short, every measure that could encourage a fallacious hope of confidence was resorted to on this occasion. Some reported the battle of Borodino to have been a victory on the part of the Russians, and a celebrated personage gave a grand dinner in honour of the event.

On Friday, the 11th September, a public masquerade was advertised; but the general consternation had by this time gained too much ground to permit the citizens to join in diversions of this sort, and only two persons shewed themselves at the doors, where they viewed the entertainment of an empty room.

On Sunday, the 13th September, all uncertainty was put at an end. The Russian army, in full retreat, entered the town, and the van-guard already held the road of Vladomir. Every one who had been deceived by idle tales, or who, fondly hoping his own wishes might prove true, had procrastinated the evil hour of departure, now hurried to join the crowd of fugitives at the city gates, and a scene of confusion ensued, that served to increase a thousand-fold the general dismay.

On the following morning, when the tumultuous passage of the troops was concluded, the police and the officers of government took their departure: the few miserable people who were unable to fly, shut themselves up within their houses, and waited, in pain and anxiety, the dreadful interval that elapsed between the passage of one army and the entrance of another. Here and there the outrages of a few half-drunken wretches escaped from the prisons were heard; but every where besides the stillness of death prevailed; a fearful calm, that seemed destined to be the precursor of some dire convulsion.

It was about five o'clock on Monday evening, when the sound of the trumpets and clatter of horses' feet announced the approach of the forces of Murat, who led the advance of the French. The streets were filled in rapid succession; guards were quickly posted at every open spot or avenue, and immediate possession taken of the Kremlin.

Before night closed in, Bonaparte arrived in person at the barrier on the Smolensko road, where his temporary residence was the scene of a singular occurrence. He waited some time in seeming surprise at not receiving a formal deputation from the municipality to present him with the keys of the town; but supposing a mistake might have caused the delay, he dispatched an aide-de-camp to inform them of his arrival. The officer soon returned to him with the account, that neither magistracy nor police were any where to be discovered, and that the whole place was in a manner deserted. Bonaparte was amazed; again he sent an officer to endeavour to search for some person at least, who might afford him intelligence respecting these extraordinary cir-

cumstances: his messenger wandered about for an hour or two in vain, at last he lighted on a poor schoolmistress who was reported to be well versed in the French language; she was instantly taken from her house, mounted on a *droshka*, and sent in haste to a conference with the mighty Napoleon. Her story was such as might be expected; and this ambitious despot felt the first shock of the great catastrophe that awaited his fatal expedition.

Meanwhile the secret preparations to burn the town, and to deprive the French army of the resources they hoped to secure, had been partially carried into effect. Under pretence of constructing the balloon before mentioned, a large apparatus of fire-works and combustibles were made ready by the direction of M. Smith, at Voronzovo. In the course of this day, they were conveyed and distributed, by the hands of various emissaries, throughout every quarter of the town, and applied with the greatest assiduity. The confusion that ensued upon the occupation of so large a place aided the secrecy of their operations, and in a few instances some of the inhabitants, on the eve of departure, were found to lend their assistance to the scheme. Fraught as they were with the zeal of the moment, they set fire with their own hands to their empty habitations; even women were seen kneeling, crossing themselves for an instant before their own doors, and then flinging in the fatal brand, and hurrying away half dismayed at what they had done.

On this very night the French observed a flame breaking out in the Twerskaia, a part of the city situated on the north; a short time after a bright flame was seen in the Taoutsa quarter, and several buildings of the Exchange in the Kitai-gorod were reported to be on fire. These phenomena, however, were disregarded at the time; they were looked upon as occurrences of accident, orders given to extinguish them, and little further notice was taken.

By Tuesday evening the fires before observed had assumed a very serious aspect; the detachment employed to stop their progress reported their labours to be in vain; the blaze arose in a thousand places at once, and encircled them while plying their ineffectual labours. A south-west wind, which prevailed the whole day, increased its destructive fury, involving in ruin all the parts of the town lying in that direction. Of the real origin of this mischief a suspicion was as yet scarcely entertained, though some persons charged as incendiaries had been apprehended, and one daring hand that feared not to advertise the hated invaders of what was going on, had thrown a rocket within the walls of the Kremlin.

The imperial palace, where Bonaparte had taken up his abode after the first night spent at the barrier, was situated within the holy citadel; and whether from this circumstance, or from general alarm at the fire that threatened to surround him every way, I know not, but it is certain that he was induced for one night to shift his quarters to the Petrovski Palace. Hither he was followed by between three and four hundred miserable objects

—hungry, houseless citizens, plundered and insulted by the soldiery, who crowded around the doors, and with dumb show and pale faces of despair, implored the protection of him that was the cause of all. But what could be done? To stop the flames was impossible; for the rest, leave to pillage had already been granted; and numerous bands of marauders infested every place that the fire permitted to their rapacity. The licentiousness of the army was uncontrollable.

On Thursday, the wind, which had veered round by the south, set in violently from the east, as if it were determined that the destruction should on all sides be complete. On Friday it became still more boisterous; and the fiery current quickening along the wooden alleys, instead of spreading from house to house, at once wrapt whole streets in conflagration. Throughout this vast place nothing was heard but the crash of timbers and walls, with the hollow murmur of the fire, while to the sight was exhibited a circle of dismal and smothered ruins; the whole one varying scene. In some distant parts the breeze occasionally fanned out a momentary flame; but even this in a few seconds died away, sinking into the black and vaporous deluge that inundated the atmosphere.

Such were the features of horror that shewed themselves within the gates; without, a wretched crew of fugitives, nobles and peasants, all alike fatigued with their march, and destitute of food, lay on the roads, and watched through the long night, "afar, afar off," the flames of the burning city. Murder and rapine stared them in the face—the lawlessness of confusion reigned throughout—and the eternal distrust that is engendered by calamity, added distraction to their sufferings.

But to return. On Saturday morning the wind fell, and as the smoke gradually cleared off, exposed to view the field of desolation that no words can attempt to describe.

To the feelings of a native it was a heart-rending prospect indeed; no one is more alive to the pride of his country than a Russian. But setting aside the sense of disgrace, it was a sight involving so many feelings inseparable from human nature, that few ever ventured even to reflect upon the measures which had been adopted; and noble as their sacrifice appeared—greatly as it had been admired throughout Europe—there is no Russian at this day that will avow from what means the conflagration arose; but it is invariably ascribed by people at Petersburg, as well as here, to the malice of the French army. History, however, will do justice to the nation, and blazon in its true colours this signal triumph of Russian magnanimity.

It was from the road as it passed under the turrets of the Petrovski Palace, that we first beheld the myriads of domes and steeples that yet glittered among the relics of Moscow, and a short hour brought us to the barriers. At our first entrance few symptoms were seen of a nature to correspond with the gloomy appearance which we had been led to expect; but as we advanced, the quarters of the Slabode, or *fauxbourg*, where wood had chiefly been used in building, exhibited

destruction in its fullest extent, for the most part a *campagne rase:* now and then the shell of a house was seen standing in a blank space, or here and there a few brick stoves yet remaining, pointed out the spot where a dwelling once had been. Moving onwards, we crossed the avenues of the *boulevards;* the trees were in full leaf and beauty, seeming to vary the view only to heighten its melancholy aspect. Leaving this, we passed to the central parts of the town, that were constructed with more durable materials, exhibiting occasionally a richness and elegance of exterior, that must have equalled, if not surpassed, the architectural magnificence of the most beautiful towns of Europe. All was now in the same forlorn condition; street after street greeted the eye with perpetual ruin; disjointed columns, mutilated porticos, broken cupolas, walls of rugged stucco, black, discoloured with the stains of fire, and open on every side to the sky, formed a hideous contrast with the glowing pictures which travellers had drawn of the grand and sumptuous palaces of Moscow.

The cross lanes looked even at this interval as if unused to hear the sound of human tread: the grass sprung up amidst the mouldering fragments that scattered the pavements; while a low smoke, issuing perhaps from some obscure cellar corner, gave the only indication of human habitation, and seemed to make desolation "visible." If such were the impressions on a stranger's mind at the present day, how poignant must have been the feelings of citizens, who, on the evacuation by the enemy, returned hither to contemplate the wreck of their fortunes and their homes!

They were not, nevertheless, so much to be pitied as those who were constrained to remain in the town during the reign of the French; witnessing the daily progress of their misfortunes, as well as experiencing in their own persons the bitterest sufferings which want and oppression could inflict. The number was not large; only about 20,000, out of a population of more than 300,000, having been detained by poverty or other causes. Some people will regard the proportion as greater than common expectation would have calculated upon: but it should be recollected, that the danger of their situation was for a long time concealed from the citizens; and flashing upon them as it did, on a sudden, it augmented in a marvellous degree the difficulties of providing the necessary means for flight. The demands for horses, mules, carriages, were exorbitant beyond measure; on the last day, four and even five hundred rubles were offered for horses to the first stage out of Moscow, and repeatedly refused.

Many also, helpless through bodily infirmity, were constrained, under the circumstances of aggravation, to abide the fury of the storm; and when in this account we include between 7 and 8000 wounded soldiers of the Russian army, who perished either through want of surgical assistance, or were involved in the general conflagration, is it possible for the most inventive genius to imagine a tale of greater horror?

Another class again was compos-

ed of foreigners, to whom an attempt to depart, unless under protection, would have been at the imminent peril of their lives. The prejudices, ignorance, and rage of the multitude were equally ungovernable: every stranger was with them a Frenchman and a spy; and several were cruelly butchered by the peasants on the road, no farther ground of suspicion appearing than their ignorance of the Russian language.

The hardships undergone by one of the German merchants were related to us as we passed the remains of his former dwelling; it was a small house situated at a short distance from the city: fearing he might here be exposed to the insults of the soldiery, he resolved to seek the shelter of the town, setting out for this purpose the very day on which the French entered. He was unable to undertake a journey, and scarce, indeed, could look to an easy accomplishment of this short trip, being himself afflicted with a severe dropsical complaint, his wife far advanced in pregnancy, and burdened moreover with an infant daughter nine months old. The party was joined by the son-in-law and the daughter, who were unwilling to quit their side, and they repaired to the habitation of a friend in Nikitskaia, where they remained during the entrance of the troops. On the 3d September they were assaulted and plundered of whatever articles the military robbers chose to lay hands upon: after which, seeing their house was threatened by the rapid advance of the flames, they were again forced out of doors. A droshka, that they lighted upon by chance, afforded a mode of conveyance for the sick man, his daughter and son-in-law drawing it by turns; on their route, they were attacked by a second body of plunderers, who stripped them of the greater part of their clothes, and robbed even the child of its swathings: feeling thankful that no farther violence was offered, they pursued their journey till they arrived at a house near the barrier Twerskaia; but from hence were again driven on the following day by the flames. They now sallied forth for the third time in quest of an habitation, and having the good fortune to be accompanied by two French officers, were preserved from insult by their polite attendance. They journeyed near five versts through the smoking ruins of the town, and finding a bathing-house which was entirely deserted, halted, and fixed upon it for their abode. Scarcely had they been settled a fortnight, when they were assailed by a new sense of danger: the Cossacks, in the course of their inroads to Moscow, paid them a visit, and imagining them, from some circumstance or other, to be a French family, were preparing to put them to death. Some of the party had fortunately concealed themselves, and only the sick man, with his wife and child, appeared: she, having a competent knowledge of the Russian language, endeavoured to persuade them of their error; while he, whose imperfect accents would have increased their suspicion, answered their interrogations only by sighs and groans, feigning, though perhaps it was scarcely a counterfeit, that he laboured under pangs of the acutest suffering; the intruders were at last, with much difficulty,

appeased, but on their departure left our poor foreigners in such a state of agitation and alarm, that they dared not stay another night in this exposed part of the town, and set out on their travels for the fifth time. They now repaired to one of the toll-houses, where three, who alone survived the miseries of their situation, remained till the final evacuation of the city.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 16.—HALF DRESS.

A STRIPED sarsnet gown, very richly trimmed round the bottom with a flounce of deep work, finished with a heading: a second flounce is set on at some distance, which is much narrower; it is also finished with a heading. Bows of Pomona green ribbon ornament the skirt a little above the flounce.

The body is cut very low; it is full. The sleeve is long, very loose, and fancifully trimmed with bows of Pomona green ribbon, to correspond with the trimming of the skirt: the sleeve is finished by a very novel and pretty cuff of pointed lace. *Fichu à la Duchesse de Berri*, composed of white lace, which comes very high; but though it shades the neck in the most delicate manner, it does not by any means give an idea of dishabille; on the contrary, it might be worn in full dress. Hair cropped, and dressed in very full curls in the neck, and very full on the forehead. Striped kid slippers to correspond with the dress. White kid gloves. Necklace white cornelian, with a small gold cross. Ear-rings white cornelian.

PLATE 17.—EVENING DRESS.

A white British net dress over a white sarsnet slip; the dress is trimmed round the bottom with a deep double flounce of lace, surmounted by a wreath of roses, immediately above which is a rollio of white satin. This trimming is uncommonly tasteful and striking. The body and sleeves are of the same material as the dress; the former is full, and cut in a very novel style: a quilling of blond lace goes round the bosom, which comes high at the sides, but is sloped very much just in front. A small bouquet of moss roses shades the bosom, and gives an elegant finish to the dress. The sleeve, short and extremely full, is divided into compartments by rollios of satin. Head-dress a wreath of moss roses, fancifully intermixed with corn-flowers; the hair very becomingly dressed in light loose ringlets on the forehead, and moderately high behind. A superb white lace scarf, thrown round the shoulders, partially shades the back of the neck. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, pearl. White satin slippers, and white kid gloves.

We are indebted to the condescension of a lady of distinguished rank for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The unfavourable state of the weather since the publication of our last number, has prevented any

change worth mentioning in the promenade dress.

The Gloucester bonnet and spencer are in the highest estimation for the carriage costume; they are composed of white satin: the spencer has a little fulness behind, but is tight to the shape in front, and is trimmed with blue satin, in an uncommonly novel and tasteful style. It has a half-sleeve and cuff, which are an intermixture of blue and white satin; and a trimming, composed of the same materials, goes round the neck and down the fronts: this trimming, about a nail in breadth, is in the form of shells. There is no collar, but it is worn with a rich lace ruff.

The crown of the bonnet is oval, and of a moderate size; the front is small, and turns up a little to one side; it is ornamented with a very superb plume of white feathers, tipped with blue.

Instead of the very light materials usually adopted at this season for the carriage costume, our fair fashionables now generally wrap themselves in silk scarfs or shawls, which have the double recommendation of being warm and light. Muslin pelisses, so elegant and so appropriate to the season, have, from the coldness and humidity of the weather, been entirely laid aside. Sarsnet pelisses are still worn, but they afford no novelty. The light and beautiful scarfs which we mentioned in one of our late numbers are now not at all seen.

Muslin is still in the highest favour for morning dress, but lace is not so generally worn as it was; small plaited muslin flounces appear, in some degree, to have superseded it. We have noticed a very elegant dishabille composed of jaconot muslin; the body entirely loose, and confined to the waist by a plain white ribbon: there are four easings round the bust, which form the dress to the shape of the neck and bosom; each easing is ornamented with a row of narrow scolloped work. A plain long sleeve, with a wristband trimmed with a single row of work. The skirt has a single deep flounce of work at the bottom; this is surmounted by a narrower flounce, put on in waves. This is an elegant and lady-like undress, and certainly much more appropriate to the morning costume than the profusion of lace with which some of our dashing fashionables have their dresses loaded.

In dinner dress, plain India muslin, profusely trimmed with lace, is much in estimation, as are striped silks of a new and tasteful pattern: they are striped in shades of the same colour. Shot sarsnets, particularly lilac, azure, blush-colour, and green shot with white, are in great estimation. An exceedingly pretty silk trimming has just made its appearance: it is an intermixture of twisted and floss silk in festoons, each festoon finished by a rich light tuft of floss silk: though it is really pretty and tasteful, yet it is but little worn, as blond and satin, though so long in fashion, are still in high estimation. We have no alteration in the form of dinner dress to notice since our last number.

For the form of the most elegant full dress that has been seen for some time, we refer our readers to our print. We have, however, an-

other elegant novelty to announce, the Gloucester robe, composed of white gauze, and worn over a white satin slip: this robe is trimmed round the bottom with a beautiful embroidery of lilacs; the body is made very low all round, and the back and fronts are shaped by white satin welts, which have a very novel effect. The sleeve, which is very short, is a triple fall of blond lace, festooned by pearl ornaments: the bosom is trimmed with a double row of blond, which is put on to resemble a small pelerine. The general effect of this dress is uncommonly tasteful and elegant. We have no alteration to notice in the materials for full dress since last month.

Caps in half dress continue to be very fashionable, but small white lace handkerchiefs are still more so: the manner in which they are worn is not, however, generally becoming. The hair is still worn very much off the forehead, and low at the sides; the corner of the handkerchief is placed so as to fall over the forehead, and the ends hang at each side: a bunch of flowers is put carelessly on one side, but some *élégantes* have a small chaplet instead, which encircles the hind hair, and has a very pretty effect.

Full-dress jewellery continues to be composed wholly of diamonds and pearls: coloured stones are not at all worn: sprigs of pearl are very much in request, and have certainly a beautiful effect on dark hair.

The hair is worn lighter on the forehead in full dress. The hind hair is either fastened up in a full bunch, or part of it plaited, and brought round the head in bands, while the rest is fastened in a bunch at one side.

Stout silk half-boots, which are made very low, and always correspond with the dress, are most in favour in the carriage costume. White satin slippers for full dress are now cut rather lower on the instep.

Fashionable colours for the month continue the same as last, with the addition of Pomona green and lavender colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

Paris, August 17.

My dear Sophia,

The English newspapers have told you all that I could tell you respecting the person of the Duchess of Berri. She is certainly handsome, though not critically so; and her manner is so full of grace, vivacity, and what the French call *bonhommie*, that she is extremely popular; and what perhaps contributes as much as any thing to render her so with the ladies, is her taste in dress. I shall give you a description of some of her things by and by, but I must now proceed to speak of our present favourite promenade costume.

A plain round dress of cambric muslin, with three flounces of the same material, put very close to each other at the bottom of the dress: the waist a moderate length; the back narrower than when I wrote last, and made with a little fulness; the front tight to the

shape, and cut very low. Plain long sleeve, with very little fulness, tastefully finished at the waist by an intermixture of muslin and lace let in byas, which forms a very pretty cuff. *Fichu* of *tulle*, with a very full ruff: I think there are eight falls of either *tulle* or fine, but not broad, lace. Over this dress is thrown a rich large black lace half-handkerchief: those of Chantilly are most in request, from the peculiar elegance of the border. The favourite promenade bonnet is the prettiest and most becoming that I have seen since my residence here. It is composed of white gauze; the crown, which is oval, is ornamented by bands of white satin at the top, which form the shape of the bonnet; the front is large, and shades without concealing the face: it is finished by a triple plaiting of *tulle*. The bands and strings are white satin; a bouquet, composed of blue bells, daisies, pinks, and roses, is placed on one side. As this bonnet is perfectly transparent, it is in the greatest request with those *belles* who have a fine head of hair. I had forgot to observe, that it is of a very moderate height.

Worked muslin is also in very great favour for the promenade. Silk is now very little seen; it disappeared with the bad weather, which quitted us, I hope, entirely about ten days ago. All promenade dresses are made nearly like the one I have described. Worked muslin is usually trimmed with lace, and worn with a lace *fichu*, or else one of the finest clear muslin, small-plaited. White lace shawls and scarfs, though not so generally worn as black ones, are considered as very elegant; and a few *belles* of distinguished taste have sported *pelerines* of *tulle*, which fall a little below the waist behind, and the ends reach nearly to the knee in front: they are trimmed all round with a very fine lace. These pelerines are very becoming and extremely *tonish*, but their high price prevents their being very general.

I believe there are at present not less than twenty dress and undress promenade bonnets and hats; for in that respect the fashion changes incessantly. For morning, cambric muslin is most in request; the bonnets composed of it are all made full, and both crown and front are usually shaped by drawings, of which there are generally two, put at about an inch distance from each other: three of these double drawings form the front, and three, or sometimes four, the crown. Some ladies wear the edge of the front trimmed with two or three rows of *tulle*, and a bunch of flowers at the side; others wear them without any other trimming than a large rosette of muslin, and plain white strings: the number of these *belles*, however, is very limited, and every day decreases it; for of all affectations, the one of which a Frenchwoman tires the soonest is simplicity.

Straw is also very much in favour: plain round hats, such as were fashionable about three years ago in London, are much worn: however, you must not say so here, for they will not admit that they copy us in any respect. *Chapeaux*, composed of straw-colour silk and gauze, are also a great deal worn, as are green chip and plain Leg-

horn: all these are calculated only for dishabille. Those made of cambric muslin are called *capotes*. But there are some exquisitely pretty, composed either of lace or gauze, for the dress promenade. One of these, made in white lace, is a small hat, which comes in a peak on the forehead, is turned up on one side, and ornamented with pink satin in front. This little jauntee hat is totally different in shape from any head-dress I have ever seen; it was introduced by a very dashing *marquise*, and is certainly extremely becoming, particularly to Hebe-faced *belles* like yourself, my Sophia.

But I had nearly forgotten a very material point; I should have told you, that straw hats are always ornamented both with flowers and ribbons: wreaths of moss roses, without leaves, are very general, as are also fancy flowers made of straw: straw-coloured ribbons are just come into favour, hitherto white only have been worn. White chip hats are ornamented with coloured ribbons and bunches of blue daisies, amaranths, and gilliflowers. Leghorn are generally trimmed with white or yellow gauze, laid on full in rolls; and bonnets of every description are now worn lined. In this respect, French taste is very bad; the lining rarely corresponds with the trimming or ornaments; as, for example, you see a bonnet lined with blue, trimmed with green, and perhaps ornamented with a bunch of different coloured flowers: at present, blue, rose-colour, and green are favourite linings; but, I think, plaid silk is still more than any thing in request, and some few of our most distinguished fashionables have sported bonnets entirely composed of it.

English materials are still in request for undress, but the form of dishabille is much improved since my last; thanks to the good taste of the Duchess de Berri, to whom we are indebted for the prettiest morning dress I ever saw: it is composed of jaconot muslin, open in front, and made to wrap very much to one side. The body, *à la chemiset*, is confined to the waist by a blue silk sash, which ties behind in a bow and long ends: the upper part of the body is composed entirely of letting-in lace, which is made tight to the shape, and displays the contour of the bust to the greatest advantage: a double frill of lace encircles the throat. The sleeve, long and very full, is drawn at the shoulder, so as to form a pretty kind of half-sleeve, which is ornamented with bows of narrow blue ribbon: three easings of blue ribbon, each finished with bows, and a triple fall of lace, finish the sleeve at the wrist. I have observed that the dress was open in front; one side is square, but the other is rounded; it is trimmed round with lace, and festooned at distances of about a quarter of a yard with blue ribbon. This dress is always worn over a cambric slip, which is trimmed with three or four flounces: the under dress is a little displayed in front, and the general effect of this tasteful undress is more elegant than you can conceive from my description of it. The *cornette* worn with it is of a whimsical but not unbecoming shape; it is a plain round cap, composed of the finest clear muslin,

over which is a very high crown, made full, and ornamented with medallions, I think you call them in England, of letting-in lace; a profusion of flowers are placed in front, and a large bow of blue ribbons ornaments it at the side.

White is still predominant in dinner dress; worked and clear muslin are very much in request, and white striped and plain sarsnet are also much worn. Waists still continue a very becoming length; but the bodies of dresses are made much higher than when I wrote last, and long sleeves are so general that one sees hardly any thing else. With respect to trimmings there is nothing very novel; we still wear blond for silk dresses, or else rolls of satin: these last are very much in favour. They are worn much larger than when I wrote last.

Gauze continues in favour for full dress. I was the other night at a ball given by the Marquise de F——, one of the new nobility, whose splendid mansion and elegant suppers make all strangers anxious to be introduced to her, though *entre nous* her coarse manners, provincial accent, and incorrect language, expose her to the ridicule of her guests; and I observed scarcely any thing but white gauze worn by the juvenile, or would-be juvenile, part of the company: some striped gauze dresses were lightly embroidered in a running pattern of silver round the bottom, a girdle, embroidered in a similar manner, round the waist, and a short sleeve tastefully festooned with silver ornaments. Other ladies wore white satin slips, embroidered in colours round the bottom, with plain gauze dresses, festooned so as to display this rich and beautiful border; each festoon ornamented with a sprig of rose-buds. The bosom and sleeves were trimmed to correspond. There were a few gauze petticoats over white satin slips, the former trimmed with blond; and white satin jackets, made about half a quarter deep behind, and very full, but sloped to a point in front. These jackets were generally worn by very juvenile *belles*; for whom, indeed, they are expressly calculated. Wreaths of lilies, moss roses, jasmine, corn-flowers, and peach-blossom, were very general: the majority of the ladies followed the example of the Duchess de Berri, in intermixing flowers with jewels in their hair.

Before I close my letter, which is, however, unconscionably long, I must describe to you a most superb court dress, which has just been made up for the Duchess de Berri. A white satin manteau, superbly ornamented round the bottom with a border of flowers composed of precious stones, and a robe of green *tulle*, bordered with silver lama, which is also enriched with jewels: at the back of the robe is a triple row of the most magnificent point lace, which stands up behind, but comes no farther than the shoulders. I mentioned to you some time ago, that the Duchess d'Angouleme had introduced lappets at court: their effect is much more graceful than you would suppose.

In full dress, the hair is worn disposed in light ringlets on the forehead; the hind hair is plaited in three or four bands, and disposed round the head. The fashionable

colours are pink, azure, peach-blossom, green, and lilac.

In half-dress jewellery, variegated cornelian is very much worn; I know not any thing more becoming. There is no novelty in the shape of ornaments. I had forgot, in speaking of the promenade costume, to mention that sashes of coloured ribbon, especially plaid, are in high request, and that parasols are very large.

Adieu, dear Sophia! believe me ever your affectionate

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 14.—A SMALL BED.

THE annexed design represents a bed intended for the apartment of a young lady of fashion. The hangings are of light blue silk, the ornaments being a tender shade of brown, and the linings to correspond; they are supported by rings and rods of brass, behind which the curtains are suspended, and drawn up by silk cords, enriched with tassels. This design has been so executed, and had a very elegant and rich effect: it would, however, be suitable to draperies of the usual material.

In the present state of our silk-manufactories, the adoption of a similar style of furniture for our apartments would prove a national advantage.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. COLBURN will shortly publish, by authority, in French as well as English, the following important productions:—1. *Correspondence of M. Fouché, Duke of Otranto, with his Grace the Duke of Wellington.*—2. *A Sketch of the public Life of M. Fouché, Duke of Otranto;* comprising various correspondence, addressed to the Emperor Napoleon, King Joachim, the Duke d'Artois, Prince Blücher, Louis XVIII. Count de Blacas, and other ministers, &c.—This work pourtrays this celebrated character as he really is. It exhibits his most secret sentiments, the spirit of his public life, and the principles which have directed him at all periods and in situations the most diversified. The political documents will be found to throw great light on the personal relations of the duke, and on the history and character of recent events.

Mr. Accum has in the press, *A Practical Essay on Chemical Re-agents, or Tests, illustrated by a Series of Experiments.* The work will comprehend a summary view of the general nature of chemical tests, the effects which are produced by the action of these bodies, the uses to which they are applied, and the art of applying them successfully. A chemical chest, containing the re-agents and apparatus necessary for performing the experiments described in the treatise, will also be delivered, if required, as a companion to the work, which will be published on the 3d of September.

Mr. Jackson of Islington will publish, early in September, a new

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and improved *System of Mnemonics,* or two Hours Study in the Art of Memory; illustrated with many plates: calculated for the use of schools, as well as for those who have attended public lectures upon the subject.

A History of Nipal, containing not only geographical information relative to that kingdom, but also illustrative of its relations, political and commercial, with the British dominions in Asia, Tibet, Tartary, and the Chinese empire, and the rise and progress of the late war, will speedily appear in an 8vo. volume.

Some Account of Ahantah and Fantyn, and of the rest of the *Gold Coast of Africa,* is in the press. The recent intelligence of a war between the people of those countries, and the general ignorance which prevails respecting them, render a work of authority on that subject very desirable.

Capt. Lockett, of the East India Company's service, is preparing for publication, *Travels from Calcutta to Babylon;* including strictures on the history of that ancient metropolis, and observations made among its ruins. The work will be illustrated with engravings.

The Rev. Thomas Maurice has in the press, in 4to. *Observations on the Ruins of Babylon,* as recently visited and described by Claudius James Rich, Esq. resident for the East India Company at Bagdad.

Mr. E. V. Utterson is preparing, in two volumes, a *Collection of Select Pieces of early Popular Poetry,* written before the close of the 16th century. As one object in view is to illustrate the literary amusement of our ancestors, no poem will be introduced which did not, either in its matter or style, lay claim to popularity. Each poem will be ornamented with a woodcut, and have a short notice prefixed to it.

A Description of the People of India, by the abbé J. A. Dubois, missionary in the Mysore, in a 4to. volume, is nearly ready for publication. This work is the result of a diligent observation and study of the people, during a residence of many years among their various tribes, in unrestrained intercourse and conformity with their habits and manner of life.

A translation of the *Antiquarian Travels in Italy* of the learned French archæologist M. Millin, is preparing.

Mr. T. Russel, jun. of Guildford, is publishing, by subscription, a *Picturesque View* of that ancient town, on a large scale, from a spot which displays to great advantage its venerable castle and other buildings.

A new poem, entitled *Emigration,* or *England and Paris,* will be published in a few days.

Mr. Pope will shortly publish a new edition of his *Abridgment of the Laws of the Customs and Excise,* brought down to the present time.

A new edition of Mr. Harmer's *Observations on various Passages of Scripture,* with many important additions and corrections by Adam Clarke, LL. D. F. S. A. will be published in a very few days, in four vols. 8vo.

The sense of hearing being the inlet of human knowledge, any diminution of that power must of necessity materially deteriorate intellectual attainments; but when

total deafness occurs from infancy, difficult and miserable must be the passage through life. Messrs. Wright and Son, of Bristol, having been very successful in cases of a diminution of the faculty of hearing, have turned their attention to to those born totally deaf, and in consequence dumb as to articulation of sounds which could be understood. The result of their exertions and a determined perseverance has shewn, that these cases are not altogether hopeless; they have restored several who were born deaf and dumb to the enjoyment of hearing, and they are in consequence making great progress in conversation.

On the 29th of July a public meeting was held at the City of London Tavern, to consider of the best means of relieving the distresses which a considerable portion of the manufacturing and labouring poor are suffering for want of employment. The Duke of York presided, and the meeting was attended by his royal brothers, the Dukes of Kent and Cambridge, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and many other distinguished persons. A subscription was opened, to which his Royal Highness the Prince Regent contributed 500*l.*; the Queen, the Dukes of York and Cambridge, 300*l.* each; the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, 400*l.*, and the other branches of the royal family 100*l.* each The total sum subscribed for this benevolent purpose on the 20th of August, amounted to about 35,000*l.* The Committee of the Association formed for the application of relief, have circulated an address, which concludes thus:—

"It is undeniable that the want of employment is one of the most pressing evils of the present period. The committee have therefore heard with no small pleasure, that many masters, who had numerous bodies of workmen in their service, have judiciously, as well as most humanely, continued to employ them all at moderate work, rather than a reduced number of hands in full occupation.

"It can scarcely be necessary for the committee earnestly to recommend a general attention to all practical means of providing new labour, of a beneficial kind, for those whose labour is become redundant in its ordinary employment. In many districts it is probable, that an accurate inquiry might suggest various agricultural and other improvements, and works of general utility; to which, in the actual circumstances of the country, such labour might be directed, both with present and permanent advantage; and it can scarcely be necessary to declare, that, in cases of this nature, it will afford peculiar satisfaction to the committee, not only by their funds, so far as their resources will allow, but also by their established connections and correspondencies, to forward the accomplishment of such useful undertakings. On the whole, the committee are persuaded, that the liberality of the public, judiciously applied, in aid of such plans as shall be locally adopted, may produce extensive and beneficial effects, in multiplying the occupations, supplying the wants, and diminishing the sufferings of their fellow-subjects during the present severe pressure.

"On these grounds the committee now confidently appeal to the known benevolence of the public, and venture to request, that the desired assistance may be granted with that distinguished liberality which has often relieved the sufferers of other nations, and with that promptitude which the present exigency so urgently requires."

A statement of the contributions received by the committee for the relief of the suffering inhabitants of the field of battle of Leipzig, together with an account of their application, has just been published at Leipzig. It occupies 112 octavo pages. From minute investigations, it appears that the total amount of the damages sustained by these poor people is estimated at above 2½ millions of dollars, and the sums received to 93,687 dollars, about 50,000 of which were contributed by England.

Poetry.

THE STAG AND THE BRAMBLE.

A FABLE.

Written by JOHN TAYLOR, Esq.

WHEN Spring around her odours threw,
And Zephyr roved o'er glistening dew,
A stag, who heard the yelping pack,
And thought them just upon his back,
Flew, like the wind, o'er hill and dale;
But, ah! his speed could nought avail,
For nearer, nearer, came his foes,
Each track'd him with a sapient nose—
What should he do, in this dire case,
To shun the barking, biting race?
The "*hairy fool**," to 'scape the scramble,
His antlers push'd within a bramble,
Thinking, in shelter of that screen,
His body then would not be seen.
Alas! the hounds were on his haunches,
The bush he found but hid his branches;
Too weak to turn and stand at bay,
He straight became an easy prey.
Thus if comparison may suit
Betwixt a rogue and silly brute—
It may—for 'tis a certain rule,
That ev'ry villain is a fool,
Who, though of wisdom he may brag,
Is quite as silly as the stag.
Thus then a rogue, *alias* a fool,
Old Satan's dupe at once and tool,
If he should find some fawning friends,
Who flatter all his private ends;
Some who, perchance, his gains may share,
And aid him in each venal snare;
Some who, unskill'd the heart to scan,
May deem the rogue an honest man;
Some, not in morals over-nice,
Who fancy genius shines in vice,
May fondly think he lies *perdue*
Among this sneaking, sordid crew:
For well he knows, on open ground
His knaveries would soon be found;
Yet hopes, amid this shallow band,
His character may safely stand.

But Infamy will track the flight
Of him who grasps another's right;
Still follow him, or low or high,
With Detestation's *hue and cry*.

Though some who join the chace may halt;
And some, perchance, may be *at fault*,
While others ramble from their bent;
They yet possess a *moral scent*,
And soon the foolish rogue will find,
He's hunted down by all mankind.

Referring to the stag once more,
Poor fool! thy death we may deplore;
For thee must Pity heave a sigh:
While rogues without regret should die;
For they provoke the world's pursuit,
And justly falls the *human brute*.

* ———— "the hairy fool,
"Much marked of the melancholy Jaques."
As You Like It.

FAIRY SCENES.

From The Aerial Isles, or *The Visions of Malcolm.*

'Tis merriment all! in the calm simmer glow,
The moon is up on the mountain's brow,
And the fays glide down through the misty linn,
And the fairy raid shall soon begin;
For now comes on the evening shade,
And revelry of the moonlight glade.
The elfin children the welkin leave,
Nae mair o'er the sky their bright looms weave;
But roam o'er the highland hills together,
To sip the dew from the blooming heather.
And see, while fades the glow of even,
Dazzling, unfold the portals of heaven;
Where the lovely race of yon azure sheen,
Array'd in vesture of vivid green,
Come down to enjoy the romantic scene.
Oh! 'tis a lovely, enchanting sight,
As they merrily stream in the pale moonlight,
O'er moss and moor, where the moonbeams glint,
And mountains glowing with many a tint!
Fair on the snow-topt summit they gleam,
Bright as the dew in the morning beam,
When sparkling from a rose-bud gay,
It catches the first bright dawn of day,
And on the outline, broken and rude,
Of that mountainous solitude,
Where Alpine crags, dark and uneven,
Mix with the dazzling sheen of heaven;
A concourse vast, in romantic shew,
Sparkling and fair, move on to and fro.
But the moon-beam falls on the dewy heath,
And they dart gaily down to the valley beneath.
There 'tis a beauteous spot to see,
When the moon climbs o'er the heights of Dee;
There mingles with the still evening gale,
The scent of the violet and primrose pale,
The lily's perfume, and the sweet breath
Of the harebell on the dewy heath;
While hung from the rugged impending rock,
And circling round the lofty oak,
The wild rose clings, romantic and fair,
Weaving many a garland there.
That wild rose droops in the valley at even,
Nae longer expands to the warm dew of heaven;
That lily shuts its white bosom there,
And the harebell closes its tendrils fair;
While o'er the mountain and silent deep,
The zephyr has sigh'd itself to sleep.
But a still small whisper breaks on the ear,
In accents sweet, to the fancy dear;
Whilst o'er the dew-bespangled ground
An unusual fragrance is breathing around:
And, see! a sight of increasing wonder,
The flow'ry germs are bursting asunder;
Sudden they open their blossoms fair,
And many an elfin shape is there;
Array'd in vest of the brightest green,
And sparkling like the stars of e'en.
Oh! 'tis a lovely vision to view
Midst flowers of sae sweet, sae bonnie a hue;
Their tiny forms, all glittering, seem
Like the dew condens'd in the morning beam,
Whilst their little features mair beauty display
Than the blush of Aurora at dawn of day.
And, hark! from a rose-bud blooming near,
Heaven-born melody breaks on the ear,
In cadence sweet, as when through the sky
The evening zephyr is whispering by.
And, see! as rises that elfin strain,
Those lovely forms leave the flow'ry plain,
And rang'd in ringlets, sparkling and fair,
Thridde the calm maze of the evening air,
Skimming along right merrily,
Over the snow-topt summits of Dee.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.